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THE SONG OF THE KETTLE—AN EVENING REVERIE.—[See Page 786.]

IN THE FIELDS.

O SPLENDID poppies burning
In the hand of Morn,
Light my Sweetheart turning
Down the aisles of corn.
He is late! he is late!
Poppies, show him where I wait!

O slender daisies smiling
In the silver rye,
Cease your shy beguiling
When my Love goes by.
He is late! he is late!
Daisies, show him where I wait!

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1875.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a double-page engraving, entitled "Coaching in the Highlands of Scotland," a picture of "Bed-Time," and a further installment of MISS BRADDON'S *new novel,* "DEAD MEN'S SHOES."

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

THE Republicans of New York give no uncertain sound. Their platform is a plain, unmistakable declaration of their position upon the great political interests of the time. They can not be reproached with timidity or evasion, nor, on the other hand, with any grudging or ungenerous recognition of the good work of reform in which the Governor of New York is engaged. They do not, indeed, regard him as the only public officer who is correcting public abuses, and they merely recite familiar facts in stating that it is the Republican party, and not the Governor, who will have reduced the State taxation of next year. But there is no uncandid shrinking from a pledge of hearty support to every public officer who is fighting with robbers and fraud. If Governor TILDEN will be equally just and frank in his recognition of the fact that a Republican Attorney-General began the war upon the Canal Ring, and that a Republican Legislature proposed the constitutional amendments which prevent in future the extra allowances which have been the great leaks in the Treasury of the State, he will show a spirit as generous as that of his political opponents. We repeat what we said last week, that a public robber is a public enemy, and pursuit of him is a duty in which party feeling should be subordinated to the general welfare. In every impartial and effective step of reform Governor TILDEN may count upon the hearty support of the Republicans.

Upon other commanding questions the voice of the Convention is equally clear. It denounces inflation, pronounces for the speediest possible resumption, and demands a just, generous, and forbearing policy in every State. It opposes in the strongest terms any sectarian designs upon the public-school system, and invokes the people to nominate to the Legislature only men pledged by their character to resist every form of maladministration. Upon the subject of a third term the declaration is conclusive. It takes the President at his word that he is not a candidate, and declares that even if he were, the Republican party, upon great public principles, is opposed to his reelection. Yet the form of the resolution is entirely respectful, and recognizes gratefully the patriotic services of the President—services which will be remembered when the fierce and false partisan charges of to-day are forgotten.

With this platform, which all who have ever been Republicans can heartily accept, the Convention nominated candidates whose reputations are spotless, and who for that reason are in themselves the best proofs of the sincerity of the professions made by the party. The State and the country will now decide whether it trusts the Democratic party more than the Republican as that of progress and reform. The greatest reforms in our history are those which the Republican party has accomplished. Does the Republican declaration of Ohio or of New York show that the old vigor and courage and principle have deserted the party, or do they show that its control is wholly in hands that honest and patriotic men can not trust?

GEORGIA.

A FEW days since, when public attention was turned toward Georgia by the story of "a negro plot," one of Mr. NORDHOFF'S clear and instructive letters was published, containing his impression of the condition of the colored people in that State. The testimony of officers of the national government he finds to be that in some parts of the State society is still very "rude," and that in certain districts the barbarism of taking the law into private hands still lingers. There is consequently a great deal of crime; but it is not political. The country magistrates are often intimidated, and if negroes are more frequently the subjects than white men, it is because they are more yielding. A white man resists, but the negro submits. One day Mr. NORDHOFF heard of the shooting of a United States deputy-marshal, and he naturally thought of the Ku-Klux. But it was the act of some of the illicit whisky distillers in the mountains, who are of all parties, and who hate the marshals. The negroes are small thieves. They work well, but they will steal poultry, hogs, and little things; and the laws against petit larceny are very severe. Then few negroes are drawn upon juries. The State Constitution, made by Republicans, requires that "upright and intelligent persons" shall be selected as jurors. This excludes the great mass of negroes and a great many whites. But even in the large towns where there are suitable colored persons they are not put upon the jury lists; and at Atlanta not one colored man was selected from a list of a hundred and fifty names submitted as fully competent. If there is complaint of the negroes as house servants, it will usually be found that the trouble is in the uncertain and irregular payment of wages by the whites. The largest colored emigration from any State has been from Georgia, and it is due in great part to the injustice of the jury system.

Mr. NORDHOFF'S letter was written before the late rumor of a plot, and he has something to say of the disfranchisement which is supposed to have been the reason of the notice of a convention from which the rumor sprang. Voters who do not pay their taxes in Georgia are disfranchised, and there is a poll-tax of one dollar, which the negroes evade or forget or lose the evidence of having paid. Their votes are then challenged and lost. Many whites also do not pay; but the negroes do not challenge so vigorously as their opponents. This non-payment of taxes seems to Mr. NORDHOFF a just reason for disfranchisement, but he says that the colored vote is overcome by other means which are not justifiable. The whites in some of the colored districts assert that the county politics are hopelessly corrupt so long as the colored vote preponderates, and so by bribery of the white and colored leaders of that vote, by imprisonment for corruption, and by ballot-box stuffing they allege that they have contrived to secure tolerable honesty! Governor SMITH is of opinion that the remedy of the trouble lies in the abolition of the political color line. This practical disfranchisement also sends the colored people from the State; and it is evident from Mr. NORDHOFF'S letter that in the State which is constantly cited as that in which peace is well established, it is a peace obtained by unsparing rigor against the colored population. Excluded from the jury, disfranchised for arrears of poll-taxes, abused because submissive, and severely punished for the vices inherited from slavery, they naturally leave the State if they can.

Mr. NORDHOFF, however, is of opinion that in general the colored population feels secure in life and property. That, however, is not a lofty tribute to the State. It is, after all, only saying that the colored people feel that they will not be wronged beyond endurance. What should we think of any other State of which an intelligent and friendly observer could say only, "In general the white people are safe in their lives and property?" The conclusion would be irresistible that they lived in the presence of a great and constant hostility, which was, however, usually restrained. That, indeed, is not Mr. NORDHOFF'S conclusion, and he states his reasons. In 1874 the Comptroller returned 83,318 colored polls, with an aggregate value of taxable property amounting to $6,157,798, on which they paid $30,788 in taxes. They owned 338,769 acres of agricultural land, and city and town property valued at $1,200,115. Now these people were slaves nine years before. They owned nothing whatever when they began. They have squandered money, and lost many thousands of dollars in the Freedman's Bank. It shows, Mr. NORDHOFF thinks, that many colored people have labored with industry and perseverance, and that "they have been fairly protected in their rights of life and property by the Democratic rulers of the State." However this may be, it certainly shows a disposition and a faculty upon the part of some of the colored citizens to take a substantial and respectable position in the State. And this is the only way in which they can finally conquer the difficulties of their situation. It is not by constantly appealing to the government or to any exterior force, but by relying upon themselves. What the nation should supply to them is the consciousness of sympathy and the certainty of protection in extremity. And it is for this reason that it seems to us so indispensable both for whites and blacks that the control of the national government should be in hands sincerely friendly to the colored citizens.

THE WARNING FROM OHIO.

THERE has seldom been a State election in the country more important than that now pending in Ohio, and fortunately the declaration of the Democratic Convention for inflation made that the chief issue. It is fortunate, because the battle will be fought in Ohio for the whole country if the honest money carries the day. The two parties there are like the two champions who stood out before the armies and singly determined the contest. The election has another advantage, that it serves to show large numbers of persons in every part of the country who had begun to think of the Democratic party as a party of reform exactly what they have to expect from it. The admonitions of Democratic ascendency in New Hampshire, in Connecticut, in Missouri, and elsewhere, the adherence to the old system of party plunder, the election of men to high position who were identified with the most pernicious doctrines, and the evident absence of any sign of reform or profitable progress, and the open declaration of a purpose to repeal the laws enforcing the amendments, seem to have been lost upon those who were dissatisfied and exasperated with Republican blunders and follies. But now that, naturally emboldened by success and by the sympathy and approval of the class of which we speak, the Ohio Democrats have declared for inflation, virtual repudiation, and the inevitable ruin of the national industry and welfare, this class of citizens have fallen to seriously thinking whether, because the Republicans have been often wrong, the Democrats must necessarily be right, and whether a mere change may not be out of the pan into the fire.

The Democratic action in Ohio suggests also another view. If the partial successes of the last autumn, instead of leading the party to do every where what Governor TILDEN is doing in New York, have made that action merely exceptional by contrast, while every where else the tendency to the most violent reaction and to the most perilous recklessness is evident, what would be the result of a national victory and the election of a Democratic Administration? Is there any reason to conclude, from the history of the party for the last year or two, that it would steadily avoid its evil impulses and counselors, and become what even in adversity it has never been—a party of wise and intelligent progress and reform? If there are dangers from the possible demands of the White League spirit in the Southern States, from the passion for inflation, from the designs of the Roman Church upon the school system, are they, upon any candid view of the situation, likely to be less threatening in the event of a Democratic national victory?

The campaign in Ohio has shown how many dangerous elements there are in the party to which many good citizens look for reform. We do not deny that there are many also in the Republican party. But assuming that one or the other of the two great parties will carry the Presidential election, is not the question for the class of persons of whom we speak simply this, with which party can they have more influence, or are both so lost to hope that the true policy of such persons is to make a protest and throw away their votes? Is the general defeat of the Republican party, under the circumstances and with the inevitable alternative, the only way of reform? That is the practical question which every good citizen must answer, and he can say yes only upon one of the grounds that we have mentioned—either that he thinks the Democratic party is really one of reform, or that both parties are hopeless and should be opposed, whatever the result may be. If seeing, as he must, that the Democratic party is not one of reform, and unwilling to throw away his vote, every man who has formerly worked with the Republican organization to secure the common welfare should resolve to join with other good men in it to secure reform, reform would be secured. The Republican party can still be the party of reconciliation, economy, and reform if all who are really Republicans, in any reasonable sense, choose to make it so.

COURAGE IN POLITICS.

IN his late oration upon DANIEL O'CONNELL, Mr. WENDELL PHILLIPS said of him that he held the masses in his hand, and that "he owed this power to the courage that met every new question frankly and concealed none of his convictions." This is the real secret of all political mastery. It distinguishes the statesman from the mere politician. Small men in this country, as in all others, have a feeling that the public is a kind of mysterious monster to be hoodwinked and cajoled and deceived into subjection. The platform committee in a convention are very apt to forget that the public is composed of just such men as they are, and that as they do not deceive themselves, so they do not deceive others. The citizen who did not go to the convention, as he reads the speeches and the platform, knows very well what is Buncombe and what is not, and he smiles as he sees the orators and the resolutions straddling so as to touch bottom upon both sides; for he has "been there," he has served as a delegate, and he knows precisely how it is done. The true leaders of a party are its boldest men. LINCOLN, SEWARD, and SUMNER were the great Republican chiefs. SEWARD did not hesitate to call the contest an irrepressible conflict. His friends were dismayed, and thought him rash. His opponents denounced his words as "brutal and bloody." LINCOLN'S friends begged him not to say that the Union could not endure half slave and half free. He listened to them patiently, then stood up and said it. SUMNER preached disobedience to the Fugitive Slave Law, and his party derided him as a fanatic. He stands in history among its real masters. The same thing is true of the Democratic leaders, CALHOUN, JACKSON, and VAN BUREN.

All these men, except VAN BUREN, were frank and courageous. They knew instinctively, for that is a chief element of leadership, that thousands of the most resolute men of their side thought as they did, and that when a thought so common was boldly expressed, the whole party would soon warp up to it. THADDEUS STEVENS trusted the same consciousness, and was the only real leader that the reconstruction epoch developed. The lesson of such facts is full of significance. It is a common remark that the Republican party is really defunct, that its objects have been achieved. But the continued predominance of that party depends upon one condition—its courage to meet every question as it arises frankly, and to conceal none of its convictions upon vital issues. It succeeded in 1860 and 1864 and 1868 and 1872 because in each of those years it had a policy upon the questions of the time which it frankly proclaimed, and which the country approved. It has only to apply its principles to the present situation, and it will hold its own. To do this, indeed, requires courage and frankness. But if it does not have them, it will pay the penalty. Republicans need not fear the imputation of inconsistency. The only true consistency in politics is fidelity to the highest public welfare, and the adoption of measures to secure it. The Republican principles of 1868 were those of 1864, but the policy was very different. In 1875 and 1876 the principles remain unchanged, but the policy and measures should properly be different. In a very evident sense it is because the previous policy was wise and has been successful that the later should be the same. It will be interesting to observe whether this truth is recognized by the Republicans—whether they consider, first, what the real issues are, and then what their position upon them ought to be.

CHEAP MONEY.

THE failure of the Bank of California and of other banking houses, with the revelations that have followed, and the defalcation of the Treasurer of New Jersey, with the exposures of the New York canal frauds, and the apparent evidence of corruption in the Indian Ring, are the latest illustrations of the laxity of principle and conduct which have alarmed shrewd observers, and which are due to too obvious causes. While the Democratic orators in Ohio and their allies are assuring the laboring-man out of labor that experience is a dotard, and that a government promise, which it engages never to fulfill, is as good as gold, the confidence upon which alone industry and prosperity depend is constantly diminishing, and capital is more and more withdrawn from trade. The destruction of the banking houses was the consequence of their wild speculations—speculations which, morally speaking, are

illicit and dishonorable in such a business. Those houses were, in an obvious sense, trustees of much of the money they held, and they were bound not to risk it, but to protect it with the most scrupulous care. That they were unmindful of this, and became heady and drunk with excitement, taking every risk and running for luck, was due to the state of mind inevitably produced by that expansion of the currency which the Ohio Democrats maintain as the true financial policy.

The same madness seizes public officers. Values become unreal. The theory that the currency represents in a vague way the faith of the government, not the distinct and intelligible pledge of the government to make its promise good, confuses the moral sentiment of the community. There is a general sense of peril to be escaped only by audacity and rapidity, and in the whirl simple honesty reels and totters, until all relations are suspected and all agents seem to be corrupt. Downright swindling and dishonesty follow, until there is a true panic and paralysis of industry of every kind. Cheap money is a fool's lure. The demagogues are bawling it through Ohio. And to show their folly, every day the Cincinnati *Commercial* wisely puts at its head the shifting price of the dollar. Is a dollar cheap at a hundred and fourteen cents? Are a hundred cents cheap at nearly twenty per cent. premium? Or is there any farmer in Ohio so deluded as to suppose that money is cheaper when it takes a dime to pay for a penny loaf? They had "cheap money" in France a hundred years ago, and it was cheapened and cheapened until the price of a pound of butter was $120, and a drive in a carriage cost $1100. A hundred years ago in this country money had become so "cheap" that silver was sixty-five for one—that is, it took sixty-five "cheap" dollars to buy a silver dollar; and in General HAMILTON's funding scheme a hundred "cheap" dollars could buy only one real dollar. The Confederacy had plenty of "cheap money," and it was not worth carrying about.

The spirit of speculation produced by inflation necessarily affects those who are opposed to inflation. Every thing expands and loses its just proportions, and when the bright bubble of seeming prosperity breaks, when it is found that the basis of business is unsubstantial, panic, disaster, ruin, follow, confidence vanishes, and labor is paralyzed and victimized. This is the simple story of history, told a hundred times, often questioned as audaciously and disbelieved as truculently as it is now in Ohio by the Democratic party. And the chief evils of this spirit, the worst consequences of the expansion of the currency or the "cheapening" of money, are the general confusion and demoralization which are shown in official negligence and corruption, as well as in private recklessness and want of honor. It is in this sense that the financial question is of paramount importance. It is not only that trade may revive and labor be employed, but that extravagance may be replaced by economy, and simple honesty become the rule of commercial intercourse. The war has taught us in the most terrible way the close relation of morality and material prosperity, and we are fools if we so soon forget the lesson.

SECRET POLITICAL SOCIETIES.

THE Inquisition was the greatest, most terrible, and cruel of secret societies, and in despotic countries the friends of liberty have often felt themselves compelled to conspire secretly in order to save their cause and themselves. But it is always a question whether, even under such circumstances, the secrecy is an advantage, and whether the universal distrust and consequent terror which it breeds are not the source of more cruelty and suffering than its benefits can offset. In this country, however, secret political associations are unnecessary and suspicious. What can not be done openly in such matters should not be done at all, and the man who proposes secrecy presumptively means mischief. The Know-Nothing was one of the most conspicuous illustrations of a political secret society, and it gave us neither great men nor good measures, and soon disappeared. The Knights of the Golden Circle and the Ku-Klux were secret societies of treason and murder. The White League is, so far as known, a conspiracy of injustice and hostility of race. And in Ohio and Maryland there are reports of a new secret society for the purpose of excluding Romanists from office.

But if we can not beat the political Roman Church in a fair and open American contest, we deserve defeat. The intentions of the Roman hierarchy are frankly published. The Pope, who is received by his Church as the infallible representative of God upon earth, has solemnly declared in the Syllabus that Church and state should be united, and that the Church should control the schools. The *Freeman's Journal*, in New York, says plainly that "the school tax in itself is an unjust imposition." The *Tablet* announces that it is opposed to "purely secular schools." The *Catholic Telegraph*, in Ohio, asserts that "it will be a glorious day for Catholics in this country when......our school system shall be shivered." The Catholic *Columbian*, the organ of the Roman bishop at Columbus, in Ohio, says that "Catholic parents can not be allowed the sacraments" who send their children by preference to the public schools. Archbishop PURCELL, of Cincinnati, writes that he does not approve the public-school system. Bishop M'QUAID, of Rochester, insists that the question be brought to the ballot-box. And the Rev. Mr. STACK, a Roman clergyman who does not acquiesce in the war upon the schools, and who has been suspended by his bishop, said in his letters to *Harper's Weekly* last July that the school question will soon be made a distinct issue, and that then "the watch-word for Catholics is likely to be the principle enunciated by Bishop GILMOUR, of Cleveland, 'We are Catholics first, citizens next.'"

Here is a policy fatal to American republican institutions frankly announced by the Roman priests and press as one that will be pushed at the polls. There is no more reason for forming secret societies to oppose it than to oppose the Democratic party, which is the instrument by which the policy is to be carried out. "The unbroken, solid vote of the Catholic citizens of the State will be given to the Democracy at the fall election," said the *Catholic Telegraph*, in Ohio, last spring, because, under a Roman threat of withholding its support, the Democratic Legislature of Ohio had passed a certain law. Here is nothing doubtful or concealed. The condition of general Democratic success is the support of the Catholic vote. The price of that vote is obedience to its demands. And the Democratic party will as surely yield to those demands as it yielded to those of the slave power. There was no need of secret organizations to oppose the Democratic alliance with slavery, whose purposes were as plainly announced as those of Rome, and there is no need of such associations now. They breed only infinite mischief, and the American who will not openly declare his opposition to an open foe is a very suspicious and doubtful character, who deserves to be watched lest he be caught doing the dirty work of the enemy.

"TAXATION NO TYRANNY."

ONE of the most admirable and sensible contributions to the discussion of the "woman question" is a recent brief letter of Mrs. LYDIA MARIA CHILD to the *Woman's Journal* explaining her position in regard to paying taxes. Mrs. CHILD is a citizen of the highest character and ability, who owns property, and is taxed with all other property-holders. She is a thoughtful, sagacious, most exemplary, and most useful member of the commonwealth, who is allowed by the law to own property in absolute fee, but who is forbidden by the law any voice whatever in the disposition of that part of her property which is taken from her in taxes. Yet the same law gives that voice to every ignorant, drunken, worthless, and dangerous man in the country, whether he owns property or not. He, with others, may say how much of her property may be taken, and to what purpose it may be applied. She must submit in silence, or be ruined by the forced sale of what she owns.

The monstrous injustice and folly of such an arrangement are not in the least changed by sarcasms about the sphere of woman. Cedric thought it was the sphere of Gurth to be inthralled to him. The argument is as old as injustice. From time to time some women in Massachusetts, like the late Miss H. K. HUNT, have paid their taxes under protest. Others, like the Misses SMITH in Connecticut, have refused to pay the expenses of a government in whose control they have no share, and their property has been sold under the hammer in consequence, and they have been duly called fools, fanatics, and impracticables, as SAM ADAMS and JOHN HANCOCK and PATRICK HENRY were a hundred years ago. Mrs. CHILD, with a cool and incisive perception of the differences of situations and the relative value of facts, comprehends both the injustice of the government and of the position in which she is placed, but with admirable wisdom she says, in words which can not well be abbreviated:

"But, on the other hand, imperfect as government is, I am indebted to it for a good deal of protection from the laws, for safe roads and free schools. Not being a traveler, I have small use for roads, and being unfortunately childless, I have no grandchildren to attend the public schools. But whatever benefits the people at large is more or less a benefit to me, and I feel an interest in it far beyond my own personal advantage. I am therefore willing to contribute toward the support of free schools and courts of justice, where the poorest citizen of the commonwealth can educate his children and obtain redress for his wrongs. But I consider my taxes as an outright gift from my own good-will, not as the payment of any thing the government has a right to demand of me. I feel that I am unjustly dealt by in being excluded from a voice in making the laws by which I am governed; and dearly as I love old Massachusetts, I tell my venerable and venerated mother that she ought to be ashamed of such one-sided government of her family."

She asks whether we must wait for governments to be perfect before we consent to help them in good efforts; and as our government, with all its faults, confers many blessings on all citizens, women included, she is willing to support it according to her ability, while protesting against the tyranny of taxation without representation.

Mrs. CHILD's little letter will be a most powerful service to her cause. For it will compel the most stupid to wonder whether the exclusion of such good sense and true patriotism from a responsible voice in the conduct of public affairs is a public advantage.

PERSONAL.

MR. ISAAC H. BAILEY, president of the New England Society, and one of the Commissioners of the Department of Public Charities and Correction, has entered the editorial fraternity, having purchased the *Shoe and Leather Reporter* and become its editor. The *S. and L. Reporter* is in the twentieth year of its publication. It is a quarto of twenty-eight pages, and from its many columns of advertisements gives substantial indication of prosperity. It is, of course, devoted exclusively to the interests of that great branch of commerce, the leather trade, and its reading matter is rich in information relating to every thing connected with leather, from a hide to a shoe-string. In all the country it would be difficult to find a gentleman more thoroughly competent both by long experience and ability to conduct such a journal than Mr. BAILEY.

—Among the lecturers announced for the coming season none will meet a more hearty welcome than PAUL DU CHAILLU. Through his books and his lectures he has already become familiar to most of our readers. Mr. DU CHAILLU is a discriminating traveler, and his recent tour in Scandinavia has made him as familiar with the picturesque features of the extreme North as with the gorillas and dwarfs of equatorial Africa. As a lecturer, his power of vivid description and dramatic narration gives him unusual advantages, and he is as instructive as he is entertaining. Mr. DU CHAILLU has not forgotten his young friends, and will continue the custom, which he first established, of giving matinée lectures for their benefit.

—Mr. TENNYSON has been trying a change from the seclusion of his country home to the excitement of London, and has gone a great deal into society. He is quite confident that his new dramatic poem will be a success. Its mounting will be superb. He has cleared several thousands already by the sale of the poem.

—A. K. SYLSTER, the present Attorney-General of Maryland, who, it is understood, is to receive the nomination of Governor from the Maryland Independents, is a graduate of the old Marshall College at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, now removed to Lancaster. He became conspicuous in his profession as one of the counsel in the celebrated trial of Mrs. WHARTON for poisoning.

—The Grand Lama of L'hassa, the Buddhist Pope, has recently died. The hierarchy of Lamas at L'hassa purports to be a perpetual incarnation. The human form perishes, but the spirit is at once revivified in some other birth. It is related that a boy born in one of the Ladakh monasteries was transported some years ago to fill the post of Datai Lama at L'hassa. On the present occasion it is not yet known on whom the succession devolves, but the question is, according to ancient usage, determined by the consultation of some oracle or Lama, who assumes some supernatural form and declares the new birth.

—Mr. TURLE has retired from the position of organist at Westminster Abbey, which he has held for upward of fifty years. He has presided over the organ in the grand old abbey at three successive coronations—those of GEORGE IV., WILLIAM IV., and her present Majesty—and he is now to give way to Dr. BRIDGE, of Manchester Cathedral, who has high repute in his profession.

—Mrs. COLLINS, widow of the late CHARLES COLLINS, D.D., succeeds her husband in the presidency of the State Female College at Memphis, Tennessee.

—Earl RUSSELL writes to the London *Daily News* to confirm the statement that a judgeship was offered to DANIEL O'CONNELL, and adds: "It is late now to discuss the merits and the faults of Mr. O'CONNELL. But I can not forget that when the Canadian insurgents were seeking every where for aid, he refused to countenance them. And, in a similar manner, when strikes were going on in Ireland, Mr. O'CONNELL resolutely refused to give them any encouragement."

—VON BANDEL, the sculptor of the HERMANN monument, has been granted a pension of 2000 marks by Emperor WILLIAM, half of the amount to be enjoyed by his wife in case she outlives him. There is some discussion of the propriety of a further grant to the artist by the Reichstag, inasmuch as a considerable portion of his own property has been swallowed up in the work, and his eyesight has suffered material injury.

—MARTIN HARRIS, who died recently at Clarkston, Utah, at the great age of ninety-two, was one of the witnesses whose names are subscribed to the affirmation of the truth of the revelations contained in the Mormon Bible.

—Mr. WILLIAM H. MUNDAY, of Seneca Falls, is reported to have played recently at that place twenty-four games of chess at one sitting against twenty-four different players, without sight of the men or boards, which is said to be eleven more games than were ever attempted at one time before. The playing was done at the residence of Judge JOSIAH T. MILLER, the player sitting on the stoop, talking in the mean time, and answering questions about the game. There was a dispute about the position of the pieces in two of the games, when Mr. MUNDAY stood up and called off all the moves that had been made in the games and the positions of the pieces on the board. Mr. MUNDAY once played six games at once at Hudson, New York, and again in Geneva, New York. When fourteen years of age, it is said, he beat some of the best players.

—The Hon. GEORGE H. BATCHELER, for some years past an influential and promising member of the Republican party of this State, and recently appointed to a judicial position in Egypt, sends for publication in the Troy *Times* an interesting account of the peculiarities of Egyptian courts. He says: "I will attempt to describe a trial in the Court of Assizes, which is like our Oyer and Terminer. The criminal was indicted for burglary. After the reading of the indictment, the attorney-general makes a short speech to the jury, and the counsel for the prisoner follows. Then the novelty begins. The attorney-general sits quietly by, and so does the counsel for the accused, while the presiding judge examines the witnesses. Commencing with the prisoner himself, he puts him through a fire sharp and severe, debating points with him, and commenting on his statements as he rattles along. Then the witnesses are brought in, and after being asked a few preliminary questions by the judge, he tells them to make their statements to the jury; here the judge often breaks in, and so does the prisoner, but seldom the attorney-general or the counsel. The prisoner often gets up a sharp discussion with the judge, and often addresses the jury, and occasionally judge, jury, and attorneys all talk, keeping up a running fire for some time. And thus the evidence is taken. At the close the attorney-general sums up to the jury first, and is followed by the counsel for the prisoner, and then the judge sums up, usually against the accused in his charge to the jury."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE New York State Republican Convention met at Saratoga on the 8th inst., Hon. George William Curtis presiding. There was a large attendance and much enthusiasm. The following platform was adopted:

"The Republicans of New York, faithful to justice and liberty, to the supremacy of the Constitution, to the national unity and the just rights of the States, make the following declaration of principles:

"*First.* The national government should remain in the hands of those who sustain the guarantees of the amended Constitution; and in pursuance of the past action of the Republican party and its good results, the welfare of the country requires a just, generous, and forbearing national policy in the Southern States, a firm refusal to use military power except for purposes clearly defined in the Constitution, and the local enforcement of national authority by those only who are in sympathy with such a policy and will heartily support it.

"*Second.* We demand honesty, economy, and efficiency in every branch of the State and national administrations, prompt investigation of all charges of wrongdoing, and summary exposure, prosecution, and punishment of wrong-doers. We therefore heartily commend the action of all officers, whether of the State or national government, in their honest efforts for the correction of public abuses. We pledge to them our constant and faithful support, and we charge every nominee of this Convention to co-operate in every honorable way to secure pure government and to bring offenders to justice.

"*Third.* The people should nominate for the Legislature only men who are pledged by their known character to provide and sustain measures calculated to rescue and preserve the State from every form of corruption and maladministration.

"*Fourth.* The guilty offenders in the management of the canals should be brought to speedy punishment, and the Executive, under the powers already conferred upon him, should suspend all officers who have violated the law.

"*Fifth.* The Republican party has proved itself from the beginning the party of practical reform and sound economy. In the affairs of this State it has, within the last four years, provided for the payment of $20,000,000 of the public debt, and practically extinguished the general State indebtedness, and by this action has made it certain that the tax for the next year will be reduced about $5,000,000.

"*Sixth.* Further inflation of the currency, under any pretense whatever, would be a public calamity. The interests of honest industry and the common welfare demand the speediest possible return to specie payments.

"*Seventh.* The whole subject of taxation ought to be carefully and wisely reviewed, to the end that its burdens should bear equally upon all.

"*Eighth.* Recognizing as conclusive the President's public declaration that he is not a candidate for renomination, and with the sincerest gratitude for his patriotic services, we declare our unalterable opposition to the election of any President for a third term.

"*Ninth.* The free public school is the bulwark of the American republic; we therefore demand the unqualified maintenance of the public-school system, and its support by equal taxation. We are opposed to all sectarian appropriations; and we denounce as a crime against liberty and republican institutions any project for a sectarian division or perversion of the school fund of the State.

"*Tenth.* The national Administration, by its steadfast fidelity to the principles of commercial honor, by its opposition to unsound financial projects, by its calm avoidance of collisions with foreign powers, by its reliance on justice and reason rather than force in the settlement of disputes, by its firm vindication of the national dignity and authority, by rigidly executing the laws, correcting abuses, punishing offenders, and enforcing retrenchment without boastful, ostentatious pretension, deserves the gratitude of the American people, and adds lustre to the services in the war of the distinguished soldier and patriot who stands at its head."

The ticket nominated was as follows: For Secretary of State, Frederick W. Seward, of New York; Comptroller, Francis E. Spinner, of Herkimer; State Treasurer, E. A. Merritt, of St. Lawrence; Attorney-General, George F. Danforth, of Monroe; State Engineer and Surveyor, Oliver H. P. Cornell, of Tompkins; Canal Commissioner, William T. Tinsley, of Wayne; State-prison Inspector, Benoni I. Ives, of Cayuga.

The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention, on the 9th inst., adopted the Ohio inflationists' platform, and nominated Cyrus L. Pershing, of Schuylkill, for Governor. The Wisconsin Democrats met on the 8th, and renominated all the present State officers. The resolutions passed were in favor of hard money, State rights, and railroad reform.

The election in New Jersey, on the 8th, resulted in the adoption of all the constitutional amendments but No. 12, taxing mortgages.

FOREIGN NEWS.

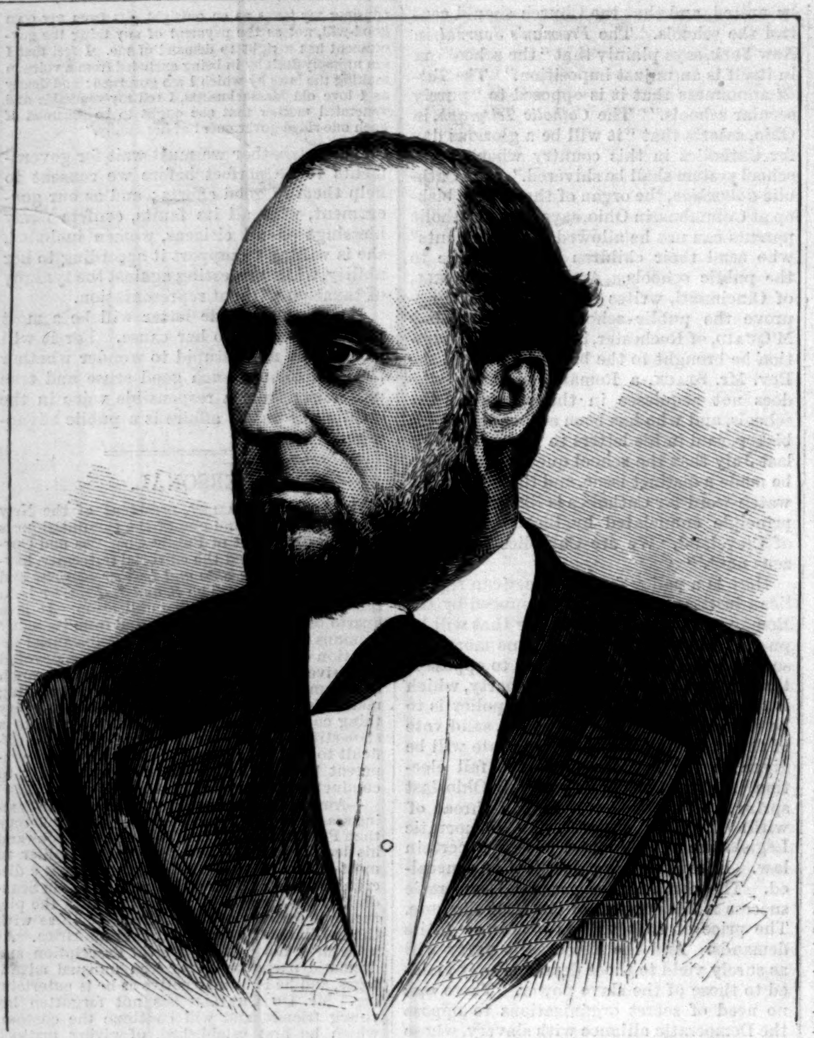
REPORTS from Turkish sources at Constantinople declare that order has been completely established in Bosnia, and almost restored in Herzegovina. Servia has taken measures to prevent armed bands going to the aid of the insurgents.

Thirty thousand Khokan rebels were driven from a fortified position by the Russian army on the 4th inst., and many were drowned or killed in battle. Thirty-nine guns and a quantity of war material fell into Russian hands.

Large numbers of Carlists in all parts of Catalonia, Navarre, and the Biscayan provinces are giving in their submission to the government of King Alfonso, and asking for amnesty.

RALSTON, THE CALIFORNIA BANKER.

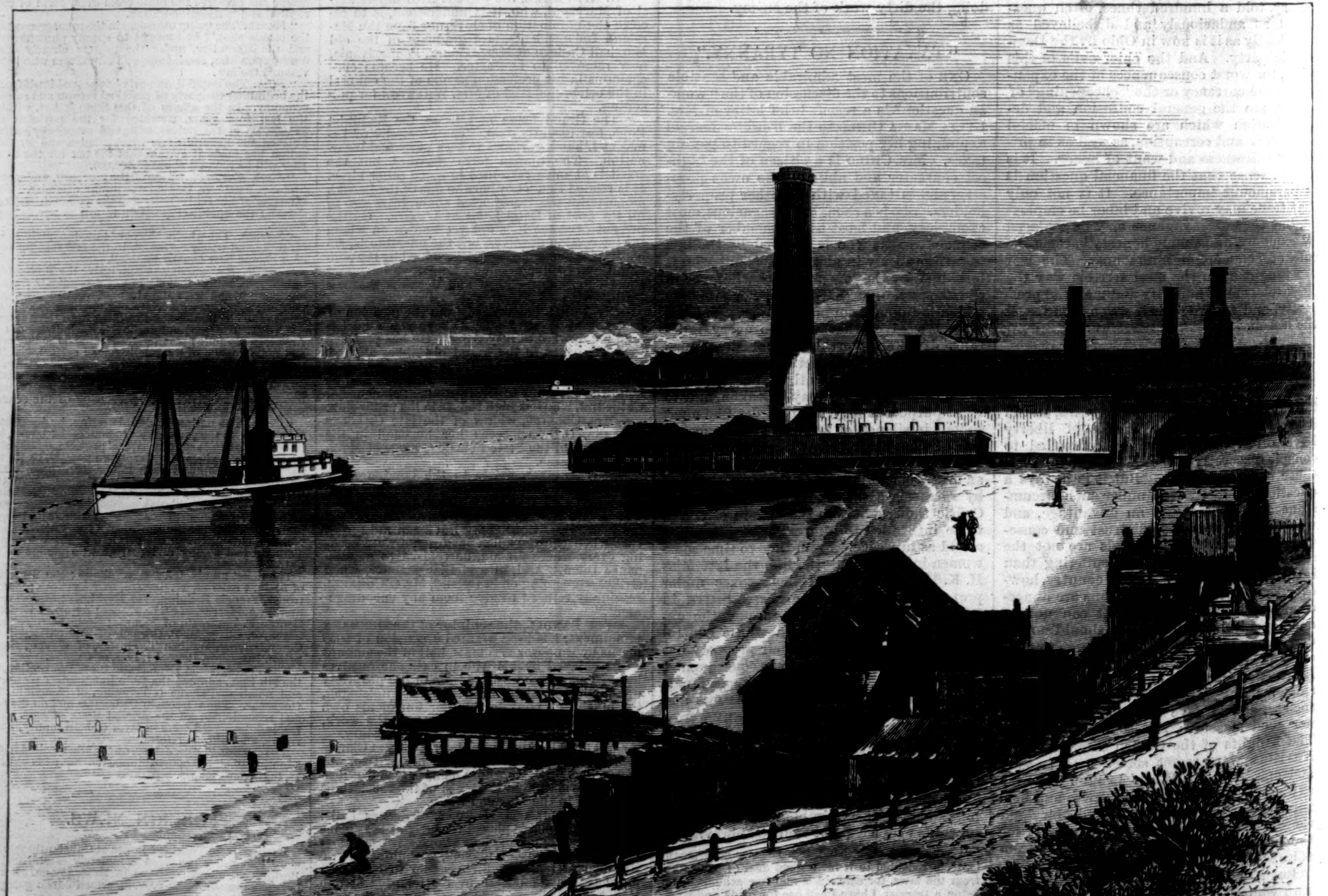
THE Bank of California, of which WILLIAM C. RALSTON was president, closed its doors and suspended payment on the 26th of August, with liabilities variously estimated at from $2,500,000 to $14,000,000. The next day the directors met and requested the president's resignation, which he instantly gave, and then taking his hat, he slipped in among the clerks, passed quickly into the street, and went off on a brisk walk up Sansome Street to Clay. There he took the steam-cars, and after reaching the summit of the hill, hurried on to the Neptune Bath-house, on the North Beach, at the foot of Larkin Street, where he was accustomed daily to take a bath. Usually he went there on horseback in company with another person, also mounted, but on this occasion he went on foot and alone, perspiring very freely. Mr. RICHARDS, the bath-keeper, noticed this, and remarked to him, "Why, you are sweating very much to-day to go in swimming;" and Mr. RALSTON replied, "Oh, that's all right; just give me a couple of towels, and I'll rub myself well and take a shower-bath." The bath people, on account of Mr. RALSTON'S liberality to them—paying one dollar generally when only ten cents were required, and sometimes two dollars for taking care of his horse—always paid him extra attention. They gave him extra towels and put a carpet in the dressing-room. As he undressed he gave RICHARDS his coat, pantaloons, dark blue sack coat, and vest, saying that there were valuables in them, or that they were valuable. This, RICHARDS remarked, was something he had never done before, it being his custom to leave his clothes in the bathing-house. RICHARDS did not see him again until, looking out of the window, he observed Mr. RALSTON walking on the beach toward the water. The dressing-rooms are about one hundred feet from the water's edge, between SELBY'S Smelting-Works and the Pioneer Woolen Mills. As Mr. RALSTON stepped across the sandy beach he turned toward RICHARDS with a smile, and appeared very cheerful and intent upon enjoying his bath. He entered the water, and for a few moments splashed around, and then struck out boldly, being a strong swimmer, in the direction of the stern-wheel steamer *Bullion*, owned by the Smelting-Works Company, and lying from two to three hundred yards off shore. Mr. RALSTON continued to swim in the direction of the steamer, and passed around and beyond it, as shown by the dotted lines in our illustration, after which RICHARDS lost sight of him. After the swimmer had been in the water about fifteen minutes, Mr. MEYSEL, another bather, who had been watching him closely, saw him suddenly throw himself sideways, and dive down two or three times, and then disappear from view. The engineer of the *Bullion*, who was observing him from the deck of the vessel, also saw the same movements, and the next minute the body came floating down toward the steamer. The engineer sprang into a small boat, and, rowing in that direction, met the body and took it from the water to the beach. There every effort was made to restore life, but without avail, the doctors pronouncing the man completely dead, and the corpse was taken home.



PRESIDENT WILLIAM C. RALSTON, OF THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA.

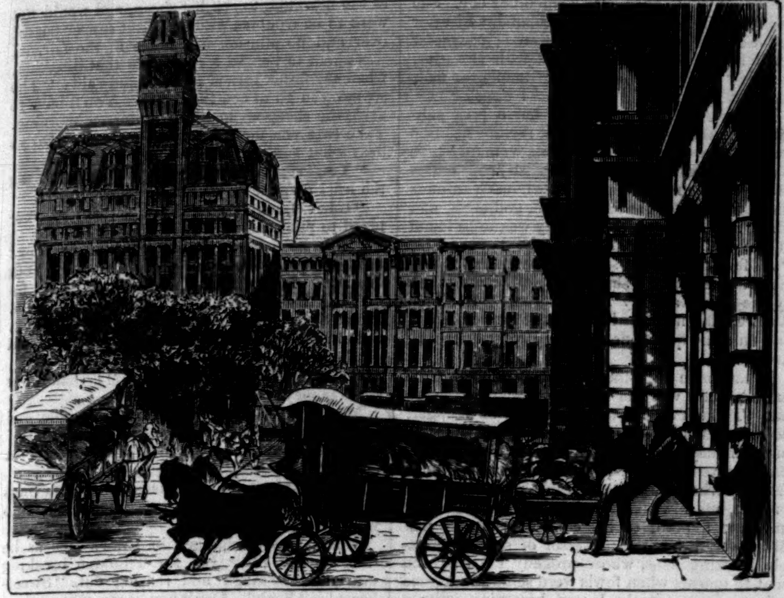
Meanwhile the report had gone abroad that RALSTON had robbed the bank of three or four millions of dollars, besides raising large sums by overissues of stock. To cover his defalcations he had turned over all his private property, including his magnificent family mansion, leaving nothing for his wife and children but his life-insurances of $65,000. It is not strange, therefore, that when the news of the drowning reached the people, many believed that the ruined man had taken his own life. Some said he had poisoned himself before entering the water, but the chemist's analysis of the stomach proved the story to be false. The coroner's jury heard the testimony of witnesses, and promptly brought in a verdict of "accidental death."

RALSTON was an Illinoisan in his earlier years. He was first heard of in 1840 in Carrollton, Illinois, a modest young man of no remarkable qualities. He went to St. Louis, Missouri, and obtained service in a menial capacity, but soon displayed such ability as to receive an engagement as a river clerk. He led this sort of life for ten years, from 1845 to 1850 running up the Illinois River to La Salle, next on the Missouri River line, and finally on a Mississippi River packet. He ran from St. Louis to New Orleans for several years. His last boat was the *Convoy*. In 1855 he quit the river business and went to California, where he at once launched out into speculation of the wildest sort. After speculating on his own hook for some time, he went into the banking business with THOMAS BROWN, the present cashier of the Bank of California, who had also come out from St. Louis to the house of PAGE, BACON, & CO., leading bankers of the Mound City—a firm in which General W. T. SHERMAN was then a partner. In California every thing that RALSTON touched seemed to turn to gold, and the little private bank grew to the great Bank of California. Besides his gigantic public enterprise, he lavished money with a prince's hand. He built a magnificent country-seat near San José, one that was unequaled for magnificence on the continent. In the dining-room there were seats for 300 guests. An entertainment there was truly regal. Mr. RALSTON at first drove his guests down from San Francisco with a valuable four-in-hand, but when this was not enough he built a private railway. Just after the close of the war he left California suddenly for the States. He went on to St. Louis (the city he had left but ten years before with a few hundred dollars and the reputation of being an incompetent river clerk), worth many millions of dollars—a modern CRŒSUS. He went out among his old-time friends, and in the little town of Calhoun, Illinois, sought out a poor farmer's daughter, who in the years gone by had been his inamorata, and made her his wife. It is but just to say that she filled her new station with singular grace.

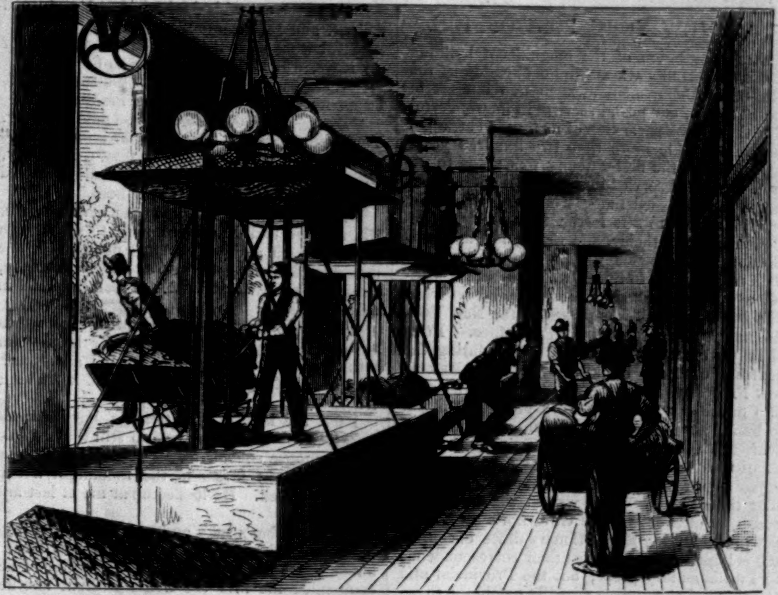


Steamer *Bullion*. Selby's Wharf and Lead-smelting Works. The Neptune Bath-House.

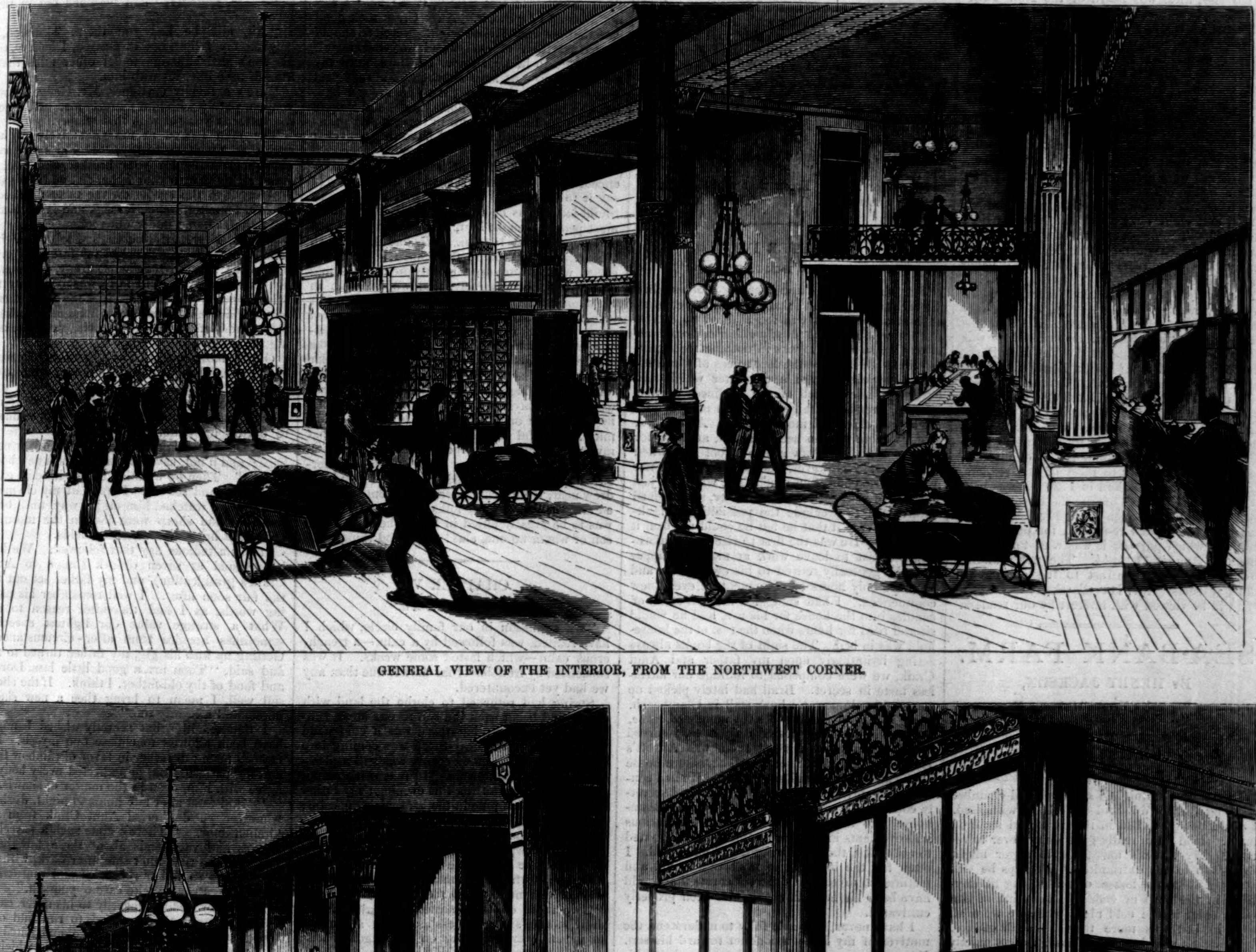
RALSTON'S DEATH—SCENE OF THE DROWNING.—[FROM A SKETCH BY WALTER PARIS.]



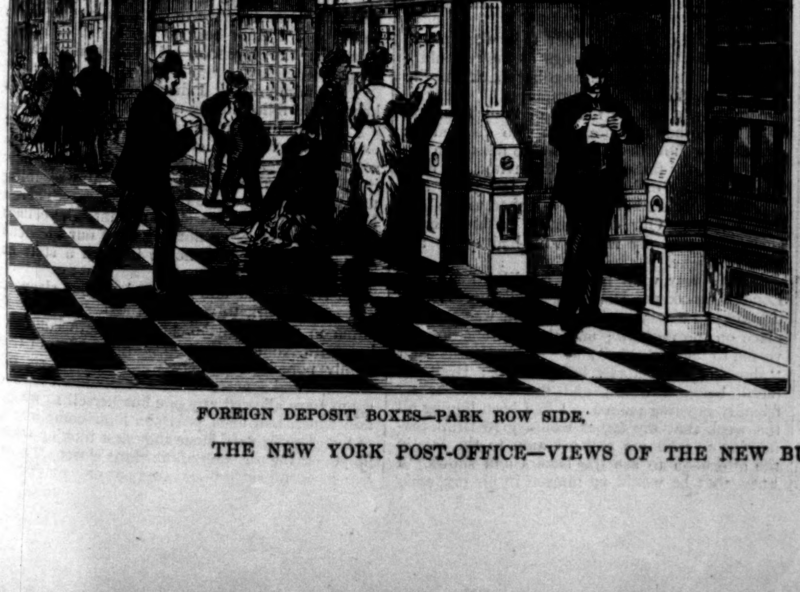
THE RECEIPT AND FORWARDING OF MAILS BY WAGON—FACING THE CITY HALL.



THE ELEVATORS USED IN TRANSFERRING THE MAILS FROM FLOOR TO FLOOR.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR, FROM THE NORTHWEST CORNER.



FOREIGN DEPOSIT BOXES—PARK ROW SIDE.

THE RECEIVING TABLE FOR FOREIGN MAILS.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE—VIEWS OF THE NEW BUILDING.—FROM SKETCHES BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 778.]

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

THE completion of the magnificent building in the City Hall Park and its occupation by the Post-office Department awaken new interest in the history of our postal service, in its wonderful growth, and the perfection of its internal arrangements. A little more than two hundred years ago, in 1672, the first attempt was made to establish a postal service in America; and a proclamation was issued that "a Messenger or Post bee authorized to sett forthe from this City of New Yorke montheley, and thence to travaile to Boston, from whence within that monthe hee shall return again to this City." In 1677 a post-office was established in Boston; and we read that in 1692 an act was passed in the New York Assembly "for encouraging a Post-office." Postal improvements were slowly made during the next half century; but after 1753, when BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S mind and influence were called into requisition, the New York post-office began to be an institution of importance. That very year, 1753, it was assigned a definite and special location—"the house of ALEXANDER COLDEN, opposite Bowling Green, in Broadway." Before that time the post-office was at the Governor's house, or oftener "in the Governor's secretary's pocket." During Revolutionary times, of course, the colonists could not trust their correspondence to Parliamentary posts; but the Provincial and Continental Congresses speedily combined to establish a regular postal system—the germ of the present one. While the British held possession of the city, little was heard of the New York post-office; but three days after the departure of the British troops the office was re-opened.

SAMUEL OSGOOD was the first Postmaster-General under the Federal government, and SEBASTIAN BAUMAN the first postmaster of New York, he retaining the position for fourteen years, until his death. At that time—about 1804—the post-office was in an old-fashioned two-story house, No. 29 William Street, the postal business being confined to a room twelve by fifteen feet in size. And then, for the first time, letter boxes were arranged, 144 in number. In 1825 a better office was fitted up in what was known as the Academy Building, in Garden Street, and eight clerks and six letter-carriers employed. The next removal of the post-office was into the basement of the Merchants' Exchange, in Wall Street, the entrance to it being on the Garden Street side. Three thousand letter boxes were put up, the clerks were increased to twenty-two, and a like number of letter-carriers. In 1835 the Exchange and Post-office were destroyed by fire, and postal business was removed to the Rotunda, in the City Hall Park. Merchants found this location inconvenient, because of its distance from the "business centre," and finally the old Middle Dutch Church, in Nassau Street, was purchased, and in 1845 the post-office was removed thither. For thirty years the old building has served its purpose as post-office; but its whole history is full of interest, and probably familiar to most of our readers. The corner-stone was laid in 1726; it was used by the British soldiers during the Revolution as barracks, and as a prison by the English authorities; in 1790 it was re-opened for public worship, for which purpose it was used for the last time on August 11, 1844. The new building presents a strong contrast to the old one in many respects. Mr. DAVIS'S sketches on page 777 will be viewed with interest by our readers.

SEA-BANK FARM.

By HENRY JACKSON,

AUTHOR OF "GILBERT RUGGE," "ARGUS FAIRBAIRN," "A FIRST FRIENDSHIP," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

A HARD RESOLVE.

UNTIL after midnight I sat in my bed-chamber thinking over the dreadful scene I had witnessed. I could not go to bed in this wretched state of mind. Had Brail really gone away never to return? My father's unreasonable anger might drive him to any extremities. Perhaps he still lingered about the house, or was hiding till daylight in the barn or stables To think of him out yonder in the cold night while we were all safe in bed was more than I could endure. Throwing a shawl over my head, I crept quietly down stairs. The house was all still. I noiselessly unfastened the bolts and bars of the kitchen door, and stole out with a beating heart.

How cold the night felt, and how dreary looked the farm-yard, so busy by day, at this hour! The moon was shining above the barn, and the hay-stacks and corn-ricks threw heavy masses of shade around. I felt my breath come quickly as I hurried through a dark avenue between two high walls of straw, and when a rat ran past me I nearly cried out with fear.

I searched through the yard with hurried steps. There was no one in the wagon-house, no one in the sheds where the implements were kept. He had gone, and would never come back again! I had turned toward the pond, when I thought I beheld a figure seated on the broken shafts of a worn-out clod-crusher by the pond-side. It was Brail, with his face buried in his hands. I drew cautiously to his side.

"Brail," I whispered, laying my hand upon his shoulder, "I have come to seek you."

He started, and looked up at me with a face I shall never forget. It had a wicked look upon it.

"Go away," he muttered sullenly.

"No; I have come to take you back to the house. All will be made right to-morrow, Brail."

He pushed off my hand from his shoulder and made answer:

"I'll never enter his door again. He's turned me out, and I'll keep out."

"But what—what—" I could not speak for my tears, which were beginning to flow.

"What's to become of me? Go to the devil, I suppose. He's trying to send me there."

"Brail," I remonstrated, "you talk wickedly. You're not yourself. Remember he is our father."

"I'm not likely to forget that. Go away, Dorry; you can do no good. He hates me, and—and I shall hate him if I stay here."

I felt my heart sink within me at the words. Oh, that we had a mother living, to speak with love and with authority at this moment! The thought of our mother nerved me to continue. Brail had always loved her. I took his hand in mine, and said:

"Then you have forgotten mother's last words to us—'Put up with his faults, for he is your father, and be good to him when I am gone?' We promised it, Brail; we promised it, and she trusted us."

I felt the hand I held tremble, but he made no answer. The night was so still that I could hear a mouse squeak in the straw-stack behind us. I thought I saw in the moonlight a tear upon his cheek. He looked up at me at last and said:

"For mother's sake and yours, Dorry, I'll go back, and I'll bear with him as long as I can; but—" He did not finish. He got up and accompanied me into the house without another word.

The fire was still burning in the grate when we entered the kitchen. I drew Brail toward it, for he looked half frozen, and his coat and hair were wet and shining with the damp night air. He sat down upon a chair, and for some minutes gazed stolidly into the red embers.

"Dorothy," he said at length, in a low voice, "I shall never feel the same again toward him—never."

I pressed his hand in mine and whispered:

"You will always feel the same toward me?"

"Ay, Dorothy, toward *you*; but within the last hour or two I think I've changed toward all the rest o' the world."

He spoke truly. From that night he never was the same again.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR HOME INFLUENCES.

THE change that came over my brother after the night when, in a fit of passion, my father turned him out of doors was too marked to escape the notice of even the most unobservant member of our household. It was in nothing more perceptible than in this—the last traces of youthfulness disappeared from a character which had never possessed much of the liveliness of that age, nor ever had a fair share of its enjoyments. He looked older and more serious. Aunt Craik said, "There was no need for that, anyhow, for Brail could allus draw a face a foot long when he pleased." However, neither Aunt Craik nor any one else could find much fault with him just now. He worked harder than ever, and seemed determined to preclude the possibility of fault-finding. Was it that he felt he could not bear it as of old? He was the first to rise in the morning, the last to leave work at night. Supper over, he generally retired to his own room, and then the only hours of enjoyment he ever knew commenced. I had smuggled a small stock of candles into the house for his use, and he would sit and read for hours when the rest of the household was in bed. The sight of the books always acting irritatingly upon my father and Aunt Craik, we were compelled to indulge our harmless taste in secret. Brail had lately picked up some odd volumes at a book-stall in Clambeach. They had been purchased with money of mine, the result of many weeks' economies, reserved for that purpose. Among them was Arnott's *Elements of Physics*, I recollect—a treasure-house of the knowledge Brail most loved. He had considerable aptitude for mechanics, and had secretly converted a corner of the loft over the wagon-house into a carpenter's shop, whence various improvements in the farm implements attributed to old Gillet, the wheelwright, had emanated. I often felt the injustice of my brother's lot, and pictured to myself the different career that would have been his had his capabilities been properly cultivated.

I have never been able fully to understand the motives of my father's conduct toward his son. He was not positively a cruel man, and yet his treatment of Brail was nothing less than cruel at times. Did it arise from a jealous sense of his son's superior tastes and aspirations? Men of narrow education and strong prejudices are often intolerant of superiority even in their own children, and inclined to play the tyrant. Mr. Gedge was well liked by his neighbors, and had always a pleasant word for them. He rented a small farm which his father had held before him, and lived the easy-going life of our marsh farmers—men not troubled with any overactivity of mind, and addicted to good living, malt liquors, and long pipes. My father could just manage to sign his name at the foot of a banker's check, and to spell out the county newspaper, but most of his friends could do no more. Where he differed from them was that while they for the most part valued the education they did not possess, and generally endeavored to secure it for their children, he professed to despise it, and always said "he would make no fine gentleman of *his* son, who might be content with the share of larning his father had had before him." The exception made in my case arose from a promise my father had given to my mother that I should have a "good schooling"—a promise which he believed was fairly carried out when I was sent from home to the aforesaid country boarding-school. Had that good mother lived, possibly Brail's lot would have been a smoother one. She had much influence over her husband, and after her death a gradual deterioration of character befell him. He often said, and with sincerity, that he "had lost the best wife man ever had, and that she was only too good for him."

His sister, Aunt Craik, was but a poor substitute for the former mistress of the house. She was a hard-working, well-meaning woman, a type of a class common enough in English farm-houses a few years ago—a woman with whom cleanliness was not next to, but superior to, godliness, and whose highest conception of duty was to be found in the right management of the house-work. "As far as she could see" (to use an expression often on her lips), "she had done her duty both by the house and by the children." But then Aunt Craik's mental vision was of limited range, and on some questions she saw a very little way indeed.

What made my father's conduct to his son the more painful was his different behavior toward me. Though unreasonable in moments of anger, he was generally kind and indulgent. I had more money given me in a month than Brail had in a year. My father rarely returned home from market without bringing me some little present, not always what I most desired, but at any rate a proof of his consideration for me. Moreover, I was the possessor of several valuable Dorking hens, whose progeny I reared and sent to market when fowls were selling at a good price. Consequently I was becoming quite a capitalist, and had ten bright sovereigns laid up in my writing-desk. There was a drawback to the possession of this wealth, it is true. I was not allowed to spend it. Aunt Craik took good care that not one of those bright sovereigns should be parted from or exchanged for viler metal. They were to be kept there, I believe, until my wedding-day. At least Aunt Craik always said that "poultry money" ought to go toward buying a young woman her house-linen, and "there was nothing like laying up in time, if you wanted to marry respectably and have things decent about you."

In spite of the different treatment we experienced, there was never a shadow of jealousy (I say it to his honor) between Brail and myself. Stolid-looking as he was, and surly-tempered as most people thought him, he was tender-hearted and generous at bottom. We had loved each other from the cradle; for I have not yet disclosed what I am sure was the proudest feeling of my childhood, namely, that we had lain in the same cradle, and were twins, so like that our own mother hardly knew us apart for the first year. One of my earliest recollections is toddling along with Brail in the farm-yard to stroke the dogs or horses, or being guarded by his valor from the attacks of an old turkey-cock, who made war on all things weaker than himself. Those were sunny days, but they had been succeeded by less happy ones, when, even upon my child's mind, a painful consciousness was dawning that my brother and I were the objects of very different treatment. As time went on, these differences grew more marked, and when manhood drew near, Brail's character had become so soured and surly that most folks thought Mr. Gedge was to be greatly pitied in being the father of a son of whom no one, alas! said good things.

CHAPTER V.

THE RUPTURE.

THE explosion in our family circle, which I have related, was followed by a calm—a treacherous calm—which lasted some weeks. It was succeeded by troubles of far darker hue than any we had yet encountered.

Spring had returned to clothe the land with green, and bring back the sun to our bleak Lincolnshire marshes; but there was a cold wind abroad, though the May-thorn was coming into flower, and the chimney-corner was still a pleasant nook at evening time. In that same corner Aunt Craik sat knitting this evening; my father was smoking his pipe in the arm-chair opposite; and I was reading aloud to them. There was another person seated by our hearth, but his presence I always ignored when possible.

"Well, the longer one lives the more wickedness one hears of!" remarked Aunt Craik, by way of commentary on the news of the week. "Two more children burned to death, through their mother's carelessness as usual; a drunken man run over by riding on the wagon shafts; and a boy gored by Taylor's bull—and all in this very parish. I don't know what we're coming to, i'deed."

"Accidents will happen, mum," remarked a gruff voice.

"Then they shouldn't, nor they wouldn't if folks did but look after things as they should," retorted Aunt Craik, turning her back on the speaker, and knitting away rapidly.

Aunt Craik was no fonder of Saul Thurston than I. Either to spite those who disliked his guest, or to show that he would be master in his own house, my father had often invited the man into the parlor of late, though a few years ago Mr. Gedge would have been ashamed to see him seated there. Our discomfiture in his society always amused my father, who had queer notions of a joke.

"Let's hear what mutton's selling for in the London markets, Dorothy," said my father, thinking of Clambeach fair, which was to take place on the morrow; and the conversation reverted to "long-backs" and "South-Downs" and "shearlings." Shortly before supper Brail entered, between whom and the rat-catcher no friendly greeting passed. I had been hoping all the week that my father would give Brail permission to take me and my aunt to the fair in the afternoon to see the bazars and shows. I knew that he would go himself in his gig, early in the morning, to sell his sheep, and would not want to be troubled with us. But supper passed over and no allusion was made to the fair. I was about to hazard a remark in that direction, when my father turned to Brail and said: "The sooner you go to bed the better. You'll have to drive the sheep up to town to-morrow morning. Take care you don't oversleep yourself. Do ye hear what I say?"

"Yes," replied Brail, quietly, without showing the least surprise or concern.

"Can't Luttrell go instead, father?" I ventured to put in.

"No, he can't. What do you ask for? Isn't sheep-driving good enough work for your brother? It won't hurt him to do what his father has done many a time before him, I reckon. Mind, Sir, you're on the road by four o'clock. I don't mean them sheep to be overdriven and get heated."

"Very well," replied Brail. "I shall want some money to pay the toll-bars."

My father threw some silver on the table, and told his son to keep the change and get himself some bread-and-cheese and a glass of beer at Clambeach.

"Thou'st got no sweetheart to buy fairings for yet, and money only gets young lads into trouble."

Not a muscle changed in Brail's face as he took up the silver, but Mr. Thurston breaking into a horse-laugh and roaring out, "Sweetheart! Ah, ah! Don't you be too sure on that, Mr. Gedge," Brail turned on him and said, sharply, "I'll thank you not to make jokes at my expense, Mr. Thurston," and marched out of the room.

"Ah, ah! he had you there, Thurston," laughed my father, not ill-pleased, I believe, at his son's disinclination to let other folks than himself take liberties with him.

"He's a touchy customer, Mr. Gedge; how you can put up with him marvels me. He'll get the better of you yet with that temper."

The man looked at me vindictively as he spoke, as much as to say, "If I'm not good enough company for your brother and you, I stand all right with your father;" and he assisted himself to the spirits on the table unasked, for Mr. Thurston was never shy, and made himself quite at home under our roof.

"Well, Thurston, what ought I to get for the round lot to-morrow?" asked my father, reverting to the sheep. "Mind, Dorothy, you mend my purse here; I shall have lots o' money to bring home to-morrow." I took the old leathern purse, which had often been to fairs and markets before, and left my father and his guest discussing the price of the sheep.

On the morrow Brail was up and on the road by sunrise. I went down stairs at daybreak to make him a cup of tea before starting. It was pleasant to me many a time afterward to recall how he patted me on the head as I stooped down to button his gaiters, and said to me, "Never mind, Dorry, we'll get to the fair to-morrow perhaps; and if not, save our money for a new book or two." Then he whistled Rover, his dog, gave me a kiss, and set off. I stood at my chamber window and watched him on his way, until both shepherd and sheep were lost in the morning mists that hung over the silent fields.

It was a tedious day that followed. We had breakfasted at seven o'clock (much to Aunt Craik's gratification), and my father set out for the fair soon after. I well remember his parting words, as I had thereafter reason to do. What a strange value our lightest speeches sometimes acquire from after-circumstances! Getting up into his gig, my father turned to me and said, "Thou art a good little lass, Dorry, and fond of thy old father, I think. If the sheep sell well, I mean to bring thee a new shawl home, and a beauty too."

I thanked him, but secretly wished I might have been allowed to choose one myself. My father's taste ran rather in favor of rainbow tints and big patterns, and he expected every body to agree with him, even in the matter of shawls.

"Mind thou ain't late home to-night, Joshua, whatever ye do," cried Aunt Craik from the kitchen door. "There's allus such a parcel of thieves and vagabonds about these fair-times. I'm sure the road ain't safe after dark, with the newspapers so full o' robberies and murders as they are. Pray ye take care o' yourself."

My father nodded cheerily to his sister, called out to Luttrell, the shepherd, to run and open the gate, gave the reins a shake, and jolted out of the yard in the old-fashioned gig in which he had journeyed up to market for the last twenty years.

"Come, don't ye stand playing there with that dog, Dorothy; we've got plenty of work on hand; and I can't bear to see a girl dawdling about in the forenoon wi' the house all o' heaps."

Thus admonished, I dismissed Keeper to his kennel and followed my aunt into the house.

"I mean to see if we can't get the china closet cleaned out to-day," continued Aunt Craik as soon as we were in-doors. "I don't know how it is, but we're backwarder wi' our May cleaning this year than ever we've been before. There's Mrs. Quincey tells me she's got into the cellars and dairy, and we've not begun of our kitchens yet. I never see *this* house in such a state at fair-time afore!"

So Aunt Craik and I turned up our sleeves, and set to work to wash all the best glass and china in the establishment. It was a labor of love with Aunt Craik, who set great store by the family porcelain. There was a certain set of tea-cups and saucers which she would on no account have allowed any one but herself to wash, and which had been paid the high compliment of being never used since they first took up their abode on the top shelf of the china closet. There was a second set, which came out only on festive

occasions, and which always caused Aunt Craik agonies of apprehension for its safety when handled by visitors. There were queer old scent jars and bottles, and lovely shepherdesses and swains, that had roused the tenderest affections of my childhood.

"Ah, Dorothy, there's pretty chiney mugs! You don't see such like nowadays," said my aunt, gravely; "we drank hot elder-wine out of 'em, I recollecks, at my poor father's funeral; and there ain't a crack in one of 'em yet."

Aunt Craik gazed admiringly at the quaint little mugs, and continued, "Mind, Dorothy, they are to be used on my burial day, and take care the wine isn't made too hot, or you'll have them crack. It's fine chiney—finer than they makes nowadays, and won't bear rough handling."

Next it was a tea-pot that evoked Aunt Craik's reminiscences.

"For goodness' sake, child, mind what you're about with that tea-pot! That was poor Craik's first present to me after our wedding. He brought it all the way from Lincoln for me one assizes, when he'd been summoned on the jury as sat on that Mrs. Hackett as chopped her children's heads off, the wretch! I can see Craik now, poor dear, taking the chiney pot out of the paper it was wrapped in, and slipping half a pound o' the best mixed tea inside. Not as he drank much tea himself, for he wasn't partial to slops, as he called 'em, but would have his beer before breakfast; and beer and rum was your poor uncle's ruin."

Aunt Craik sighed, and was silent for a minute. She had touched a chord which stirred sad recollections in her life. She had been a faithful wife through much sorrow and trial.

"Dorothy," she began suddenly, with unwonted earnestness, "never marry a man fond of drink! You may think to better him, but you can't. I've gone through such trouble in my life through the drink, that I'd sooner lay thee out for thy grave than wed thee to a drunkard."

The speaker's trembling hands and voice testified to the sincerity of her words. Poor Aunt Craik! no wonder she was irritable at times; she had known troubles such as sour the best and gentlest of women.

Released from household labors after dinner, I betook myself to my books in my own room. But my thoughts followed Brail and my father to the fair. I was restless, and could not study; so I had recourse to the feminine occupation of putting my drawers neat. This involved the pleasure of a peep at my ten bright sovereigns lying snugly in a corner of my desk. Were they really destined only to purchase house-linen? I could find so many nicer uses for them, I thought, as I locked them up again. I am particular in recalling all this for after-reasons. With the destiny of these gold pieces still upon my mind I descended to the parlor to sew until tea-time.

It must have been five o'clock, and the shadow of the apple-tree before the window was stretching half across the grass-plot, when there came a click at the garden gate, and looking up, I beheld, to my surprise, Brail approaching the house in haste. But my surprise changed to terror when I saw his face. It was flushed and disordered, and there was a streak of blood across one cheek. I hastened to the door. He met me in the passage, and taking me by the arm, led me back into the parlor in silence.

"Don't make a noise, or we shall have aunt here." Brail spoke in a low voice, but with an air of strong excitement.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"What I have often told you would happen," said my brother, looking at me strangely. "He's done it at last, Dorothy. Father's put the finishing stroke to his work to-day. He struck me this afternoon in a public street before a whole crowd of people."

"No, Brail! It isn't possible that father—" I stopped, faint and trembling.

My brother went on: "I'll tell you it all—from first to last. Don't stop me till I've done. He was standing along with some of our neighbors in front of the King's Arms, just before dinner, when I came up with a Leicestershire grazier, who had been bidding for our sheep. He and father couldn't agree about the price for some time, but at last they made a bargain, and we went into the inn and settled accounts. Coming out again, the grazier asked if I wasn't going to dine with them at the market ordinary. 'Not he, indeed,' says father, 'he's got to walk back again to Sea Marsh, and the sooner he's off the better.' At that I said nothing, but turned hot and red in the face, I expect, for the stranger said, with a laugh, 'So, so, young man, you're one of the sort that wants holding in with a tight curb, eh?' And then father began to tell him he was right; that I was proud-spirited, obstinate-tempered, and all the rest—the old story over again, until I couldn't bear it any longer, so told him that if it was so, it was his fault and nobody else's. He swore at me then, and said he would give me a horsewhipping if it wasn't for the disgrace and the public street we stood in; and others joined in, some taking part for, some against me, until at last, burning with shame, I called out that we couldn't either of us be more disgraced than we were already, and that I would as soon be horsewhipped as stand there listening to him. At that my father took me at my word, and raising his whip, dealt a blow at me which, thank God, I didn't return, though for a moment my blood was up, and a devil was at my ear whispering me to do so. I shall hear the jeers of those folks, Dorry, and feel that blow on my cheek till my dying day."

He sat writhing under that bitter recollection. What could I say? There was no comfort to be given here.

"Where did you leave father?" I asked at length, falteringly.

"At the King's Arms. Thurston was present, and lots o' the neighbors too. I could hear some of them crying shame on me, and I started off like a hunted cur right through the crowd, and never stopped till I'd got clear of the town. As I crossed the bridge over the Clam, I'd a mind to throw myself into the river, and put an end to it then and there."

"Hush, Brail!" I whispered.

He wiped his cheek, put on his hat, and got up.

"I've some business to attend to this afternoon," he said, hurriedly. "I sha'n't want any tea. Don't wait."

"Business, Brail! What business?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing very particular; I mean I have to go down to the far close and fetch up the young beasts. I must be off at once. They're to be sold to-morrow. By-the-way, I wish you'd lend me your keys a minute. I've—I've mislaid mine, and yours fit my drawers. I must wash and put on clean things." He pointed to the stains of blood upon his shirt and collar.

That he should wish to remove the traces of his father's violence was natural, but there was something that disquieted me in his speech and manner. I handed him the keys, which he took without raising his eyes to mine, and quitted the room.

Left to myself, I sat and pictured with keen shame the disgraceful scene that had taken place at Clambeach. What effect would this last act of tyranny have on Brail? Sitting there, turning his words over in my mind, I thought I heard the door of my bedroom overhead quietly opened, and footsteps cross the floor. The next minute I heard Brail's heavy foot on the stairs. He came down quickly, two steps at a time. He just opened the parlor door, threw the keys on the table, and vanished. I don't know what impelled me to do it, but as I saw him hastening down the garden path, I threw open the window and cried out, "Brail, come back!"

He turned and looked at me with surprise.

"Come back, Brail!" I repeated, earnestly.

He advanced to the window, and asked me what I wanted.

The strange fancy, presentiment, or whatever it was that a moment before had possessed me, deserted me, as he calmly inquired, "Well, Dorry, what is it?"

"I—I wanted, Brail, to—to put some sticking-plaster on your cheek," I stammered. "Will you let me?"

"Ay, Dorry, I won't say thee nay, if it's thy wish."

My cheeks burned with the equivocation I had been guilty of, but Brail looked calm and composed. I got my work-box, and cut the plaster.

"If the wound mends quickly, Dorry, I shall think it's thy hand that healed it," said Brail, slowly, when I had placed the plaster on his cheek; and as he spoke, he turned quickly from me, and in another minute had passed through the garden gate, and was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE fourth official report of the proceedings of the *Challenger*, by Captain FRANK T. THOMSON, who succeeded Captain NARES in command of the vessel, has just been published by the Admiralty, and is dated at Yokohama, 11th April, 1875. Captain THOMSON states, in continuation of Captain NARES's report of 19th November, from Hong-Kong, that he left that city on the 6th of January, and reached Manila on the 11th. Starting for Zebu on the 14th, soundings were taken, and on arrival there, magnetic, tidal, and other observations made. From Zebu a run was made to the volcanic island of Camiglen for the purpose of obtaining the depth of water and bottom temperature close under the volcano. Proceeding thence, after various stoppages the vessel reached Humboldt Bay, on the coast of New Guinea, by the 23d of February. Here, however, the menacing attitude of the natives prevented landing and conducting further operations. Admiralty Island and Nares Harbor were reached on the evening of the 3d of March, and the natives being friendly, a survey was commenced the next morning. Finding it impossible to reach Hogolen, in the Caroline Islands, or Guguan, in the Ladrones, the steamer proceeded directly to Yokohama, from which place the report has been forwarded. The deepest water obtained during the cruise was found on the 23d of March, in latitude 11° 24′ north, longitude 143° 16′ east, amounting to 4475 fathoms.

A sub-report, by Commander TIZARD, has reference to the temperatures of the China, Sulu, Celebes, and Banda seas. It is remarked that the temperatures in the seas of the Indian Archipelago show that they have deep basins, cut off from the general oceanic circulation by ridges connecting the islands which surround them, and that after reaching a certain depth, representing the height of the ridges in question, the temperature remains the same to the bottom, and is, of course, much higher than would prevail at the same bottom depth were it entirely open to the general circulation of the sea.

A biennial general meeting of the International Astronomical Society was announced to take place on the 13th of August at Leyden.

The death of THURET, an eminent French botanist, occurred on the 10th of May. Although not a voluminous writer, his works have had much to do with the present state of our knowledge of the physiology and reproduction of the algæ. His first paper was upon the antherozoids of *Chara*, in which he announced the existence of cilia. In 1845 he described the antheridia and antherozoids of *Fucus*, and subsequently published various papers upon the zoospores of various algæ. In 1853 he established, for the first time, in the *Fucus* the existence of the phenomenon of fertilization.

In connection with BORNET, THURET at a later period described certain phenomena of sexual reproduction among the *Florideæ*. They found that the process of fertilization was not merely accomplished in a very peculiar and remote way, but also that, besides the effect produced on the germ cell, a series of developments was induced in the parent plant as the result of it. In every group of algæ the results which he achieved were of the most fundamental kind.

The death of Mr. EDWARD COLLOMB, for some time treasurer of the Geological Society of Paris, took place about the beginning of June. As a companion of Professor AGASSIZ in his Alpine travels Mr. COLLOMB was well known, and also from having accompanied DE VERNEUIL while investigating the economical mineralogy of certain portions of Spain.

Several gentlemen interested in the subject of antiquities in Ohio have lately issued a call for a State Convention at Mansfield on the 1st of September, at which time it was proposed to organize an association for the gathering of specimens, and securing all possible information in regard to the aboriginal or prehistoric inhabitants of Ohio.

Mr. ALEXANDER DE LA FONT, the director of the Arcachon Museum, died recently, at the age of forty-five. To this gentleman science is indebted, according to Professor GERVAIS, for interesting discoveries in practical oyster culture.

The Paris meeting of the International Geographical Congress, with its accompanying exhibition, was opened with great brilliancy on the 31st of July, many persons being present, and addresses given by eminent geographers. The regular work commenced on Monday, and sessions were held until the 11th of August. Juries were appointed to decide on the awards of the several sections of the exhibition: with great delicacy, not one Frenchman having been appointed.

There was a very full attendance, and it was expected that the admission fees would in a great measure cover the expenses. Among the subjects that occupied the consideration of the meeting was the question of the adoption of a first meridian. Another was the division of the quadrant, a large majority being in favor of substituting a centesimal for the sexagesimal division. It was also proposed to divide the compass into 360 points, to be reckoned from left to right. Numerous meteorological problems were considered and warmly discussed. Lectures were delivered by ROHLFS, NACHTIGALL, and SCHWEINFURTH on the exploration of Central Africa. A commission was appointed to consider the question of the great trans-Siberian railway, and it was stated that the Russian government had decided upon the construction of a section 1000 miles long.

As might be expected, the question of the formation of the inland sea in Algeria was considered, and much said *pro* and *con*, some parties refusing assent to the practicability of the enterprise for various reasons, while others, though admitting its feasibility, protested against its consummation in view of the changes that would ensue to the climate of Central Europe, especially from the extension of the Swiss glaciers. The subject of the canal across Central America was also discussed.

The United States was very poorly represented in this Congress, although, thanks to the efforts of Mr. JACKSON, a member of the Geographical Society of Paris, who recently spent a considerable period of time in the United States, the display was better than was otherwise to be expected. Several awards were made to American parties, the exact list of which we hope to give hereafter.

The Kirtland School of Natural Sciences, established in Cleveland, Ohio, for summer instruction in natural history, to which we have previously referred, concluded its course on the 9th of August last. The school consisted of twenty members, of whom thirteen were ladies, and lasted for five weeks, during which time gratuitous instruction was given by lectures and otherwise, and short excursions were made in connection with the subjects of study. Dr. NEWBERRY, Professor THEODORE B. COMSTOCK, Professor ALBERT TUTTLE, and Dr. WILLIAM K. BROOKS were the instructors.

The operations of the school were mainly conducted by Professor COMSTOCK. Facilities were extended by railroad and steamboat companies in the transportation of the school and in various interesting excursions.

The observatory at Greenwich, England, celebrated its two-hundredth year on the 10th of August last. The first observations at this place were commenced by FLAMSTEAD, the first Astronomer Royal, on February 11, 1676, but he was not fairly fixed in the observatory until the following July.

Mr. DARWIN's new work on insectivorous plants has been a great success, 2250 copies of the English edition having been sold in a very short time. The most interesting and novel point which he brings out is the existence in *Drosera*, *Dionæa*, and some other plants which come under this designation, of an actual digestive fluid, which in the case of *Drosera* becomes acid only when the secreting glands are excited by the presence of a nitrogenous substance, a substance being formed apparently closely analogous to the pepsin contained in the gastric juice of animals. The excessively minute quantities of nitrogenous substance which cause inflection of a gland of *Drosera* are very astonishing—in the case of carbonate of ammonia about a twenty-millionth of a grain.

The Colorado beetle, the advent of which has been so much dreaded in England, has not yet made its appearance in that country, nor elsewhere in Europe. The unprecedentedly wet weather in July has been very destructive to the potato crop in Britain.

Sir GEORGE AIRY, the Astronomer Royal for England, has recently had conferred upon him the freedom of the city of London—the first occasion on which that honor has been awarded to a purely scientific man.

Advices from New Zealand announce the total failure of the recent experiment of the shipment of salmon eggs from Glasgow. The whole length of time during which the eggs remained packed on board was 121 days. On their arrival a large quantity of ice remained, the temperature of the exterior of the packing box never exceeding 40° F. A microscopic examination showed that many of the eggs were unfertilized, a condition which probably would not have existed had the dry method of impregnation been adopted.

The cases were described on their arrival as sodden, and it is suggested that possibly a part of the mortality may have been due to want of proper ventilation.

The appointment of Professor of Astronomy at Gresham College, London, has been conferred on the Rev. E. LEDGER, of Cambridge. The college was established in the last century by Sir THOMAS GRESHAM, the founder of the Royal Exchange, who provided that lectures be delivered regularly in Latin, and, if required, in English, in several departments of science and literature. The appointments had become almost complete sinecures, owing to the lecturers having fixed the time of delivering the lectures when it was almost impossible for those residing in the city to attend, resulting in some instances in an entire suspension of the lectures. The corporation of the city has recently taken the matter in hand, and insisted on the lectures being delivered at such times and in such a manner as to be most useful to the public generally, and a considerable revival of the institution has been the result. The lectures in Latin will probably be entirely discontinued.

The Prussian government has lately offered a prize of about $750 for the discovery of a new method of cleansing plaster casts, statues, etc., and one of $2500 for the invention of a new material possessing the properties of plaster, but which shall not deteriorate by repeated washings.

The special conditions of the first prize are that the method must be applicable in equal degrees to all kinds of plaster occurring in the trade, without diminishing the hardness of the cast. It is not necessary that the original color of the plaster be preserved, but a yellowish or even warmer tint may be allowed. It is, however, indispensable that the color be even, and that the substance of the application do not soak into the cast. The casts must stand repeated washings with soap and lukewarm water.

The conditions in regard to the new material are that it shall have all the properties of plaster, that the casts bear repeated washings with soap and lukewarm water, and that the price of the material and of the moulds do not differ materially from that of plaster.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHEN the late Dr. Guthrie was in the county of Ross his attention was directed to a servant-girl who astonished her master by refusing to feed the cows on the Sabbath. She was ready to milk, but would by no means feed them, and her defense shows that though a fanatic, she was not a fool. "The cows," she said—drawing a nice metaphysical distinction between what are not and what are works of necessity and mercy that would have done honor to a casuist—"the cows canna milk themselves, so to milk them is a clear work of necessity and mercy; but let them out to the fields and they'll feed themselves."

"Why is dat hat like de United States?" said Pompey to Squash, holding up his dilapidated beaver. "Cos—cos— Dunno." "Why, cos it's not subject to a crown."

"Then you won't lend me your velocipede, hey?" inquired one boy of another. "No, I won't." "Very well, then, the next time our chimney catches fire, you sha'n't come into our back yard and holler."

The Rev. Sydney Smith being asked by a lady why it was reported that there were more women in the world than men, he replied, "It is in conformity with the arrangements of nature, madam: we always see more of *heaven* than earth."

ACCOMMODATED.—"Thomas Towser, are you guilty or innocent of this charge?" asked the judge. "May it please your honor," replied Thomas, "I don't want to commit myself." "Ah," said the judge, blandly, "then I'll save you the trouble, and do it for you. Sixty days."

Which, asks an agricultural wag, is the queen of roses in the garden?—The rose of the watering-pot, for it *rains* over all the others.

HARDLY CLASSICAL.—"Yes, you may come again next Sunday evening, Horace dear; but—" and she hesitated. "What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent. "You didn't mean to, I'm sure," she responded; "but next time please don't wear one of those collars with the points turning outward: they stick in one's cheek."

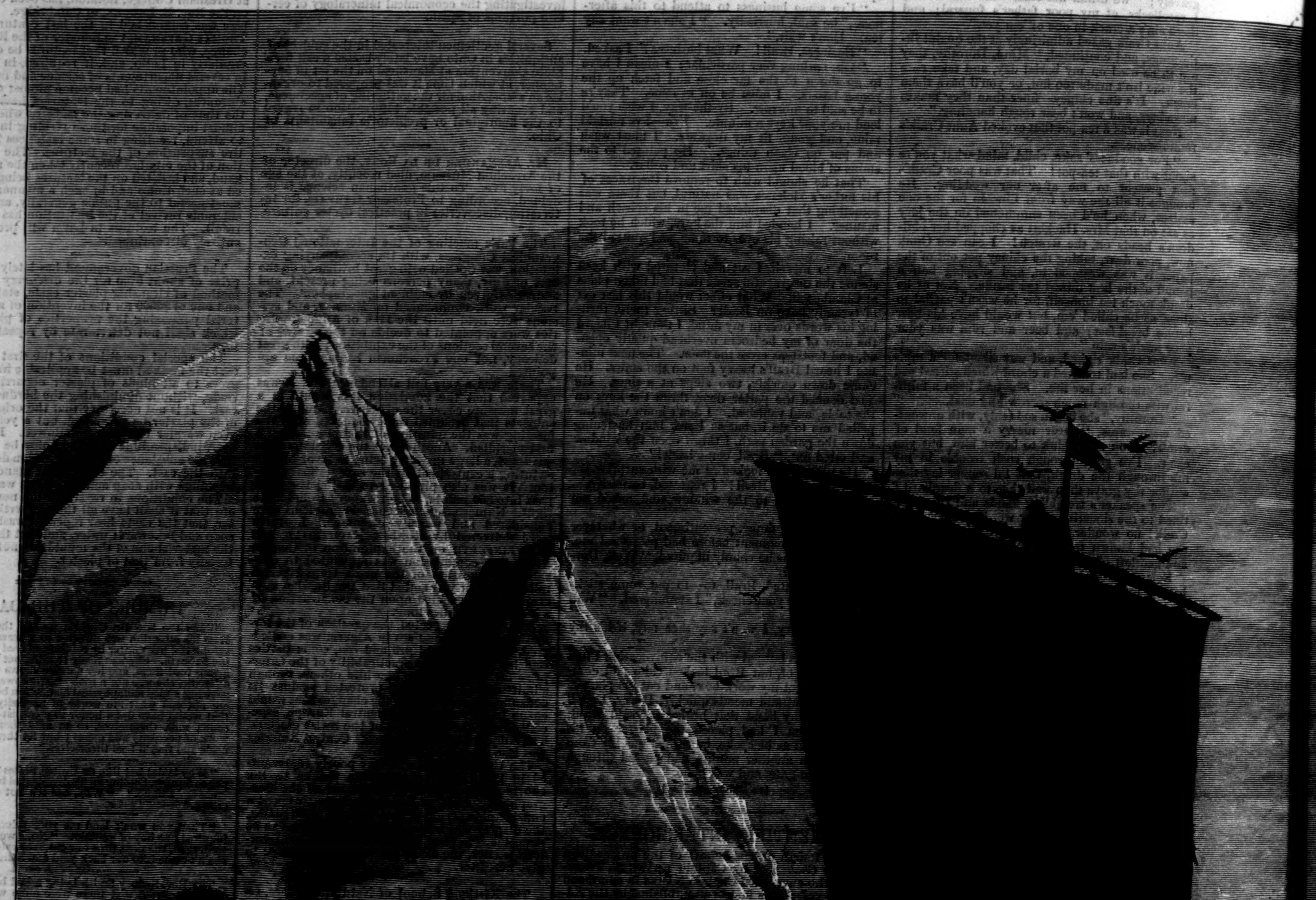
The following is the latest version of the opening of a well-known song:

My mother bids me bind my hair,
But does not tell me which:
Does she mean that piece on my bedroom chair,
Or my fifty-dollar switch?

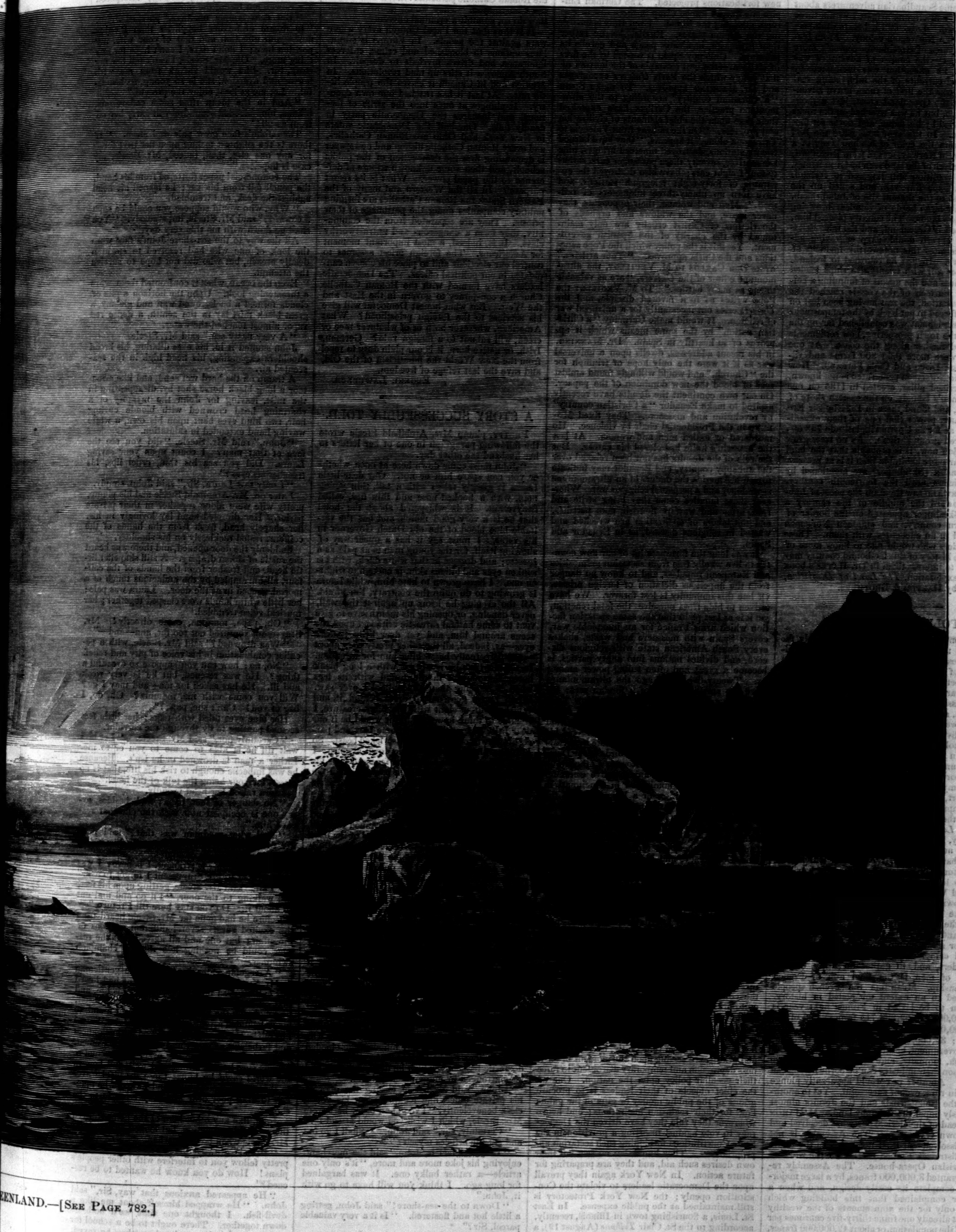
A countryman went to see his lady-love, and wishing to be conversational, observed, "The thermomokron is twenty degrees above zero this evening." "Yes," innocently replied the maiden, "such kinds of birds do fly higher some seasons of the year than others."

The following sign is painted on a fence in the neighborhood of Rochester: "Kash paid for little kalves not mourn to daze old."

In a fresh book of Scottish peasant life is a fine comic sketch of an interview between a taciturn peasant lover and Kirsty, his sweetheart, who is only waiting for him to speak. It is in fine contrast with the confident, rushing way in which that sort of thing is done in this country. The young clacher stands by the cottage gable in the fading light, declaring, "It's a gran' nicht!" Ever so often he says it, yet he feels its grandeur not at all, for the presence of something grander or better, I suppose—the maiden, Kirsty Grant. Does he whisper soft somethings of her betterness, I wonder, while thus he lingers? Not at all. His only communication is the important fact, "It's a gran' nicht." He would linger, blessed in her presence, but the closing day warns him to be gone. It will be midnight before he can reach his village home miles away. Yet was it sweet to linger. "It's a vera gran' nicht, but I maun haist awa'. Mither 'll be wunnerin'," said he. "'Deed, ye'll hae tae draw yer feet gae fast tae win hame afore the Sabbath; sae e'en be steppin'," she answered, coolly. "It's gran'," said he; "I wish ilka Saiturday nicht was like this ane." "Wi' ye, Saiturday nicht shud maist be lik' Sunday morn, if ye bevil it richt," she said, with a toss of her head, for she rightly guessed that somewhat of the lad's pleasure was referable to herself. "I maun shut up the coo." "Good-nicht," said he. "Good-nicht," said she, disappearing in the byre. He stepped away into the muirland, making for home. "Isn't she smairt?" said he to himself—"man, isn't she smairt? Said she, 'Saiturday nicht shud aye be wi' ye lik' Sunday morn, if ye beviled it richt!' Was it na a hint for me? Man, I wish I daur spaik oot till her."



THE DISCOVERY OF GREENLAN



ENLAND.—[See Page 782.]

THE DISCOVERY OF GREENLAND.

THE first visitors of America from the coasts of Europe were the Northmen, the bold adventurers who dwelt upon the rocky coasts and islands of the Baltic and the neighboring Atlantic, and who were nurtured amidst the perils and hardships of a sea-faring life. Iceland was discovered by some Scandinavian adventurers about the year 861, and circumnavigated within three years afterward. Later still it became the permanent seat of a Norwegian colony. From Iceland to the shores of Greenland—scarcely more than 160 miles—the course of adventure was natural, and its execution was facilitated by the winds and currents of the intervening sea. GUNNBJÖRN was the first of these brave adventurers to spy the Greenland coast, just a thousand years ago, but he was wrecked on the rocks afterward called by his name, and never set foot on the shore. In the year 983, ERIC the Red (so called from the color of his hair), son of a jarl of Jadar, in Norway, set sail from Bredifiord, Iceland, in search of the land seen by GUNNBJÖRN, of which a tradition still lingered in Iceland. He doubled Cape Farewell, and sailed up the western coast to the present site of Julianshaab, where he saw large herds of reindeer browsing on the meadow lands. The country pleased him, and he named it Greenland, and the inlet Ericsfiord. Our superb double-page engraving admirably illustrates this noteworthy incident of the discovery. In 985 he returned to Iceland, and again set sail with twenty-five ships loaded with emigrants and the means of founding a colony. Only fourteen of the vessels reached the point of destination, the rest having been lost on the way, or forced to put back by the tempestuous winds. A settlement was established far up the fiord, and, the town prospering, new settlements were started further along the coast. At one time there were more than 300 farms and villages between Disco and Cape Farewell. How far north the Norsemen penetrated is not known, but an inscribed pillar, erected in 1135 on one of the Woman's Islands, on the eastern shore of Baffin Bay, and found there in 1824 by Sir EDWARD PARRY, proves that one of their expeditions went as far as Upernavik, latitude 72° 50′, and "cleared ground" there. As no trees grow in that region now, it is probable that the land was then far more habitable than it is at present. No Esquimaux (Skralinger) are mentioned by the chroniclers until the fourteenth century, when THORWALD saw them on the coast of Labrador. Toward the middle of the century a horde of Skralinger appeared on the border of the western country, and eighteen Norsemen were killed in an encounter with them. Those of our readers who would like to know more of the strange history of this ice-bound country may find much to interest them in Dr. HAYES's book of arctic exploration, *The Land of Desolation*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS.

POLITICAL PRIESTS.

THE condition of Europe seems scarcely favorable to the continuance of peace or the welfare of those who labor, and the prosperity and progress of the race are still sacrificed to the wild projects of fanaticism and the sad necessities of war. Fear, suspicion, hatred, are the ruling passions of the different nations of the Continent, and a universal European empire or republic would seem the only remedy for the evils of division and general enmity. The Roman Catholic priests every where stimulate disorder. In France we have a country weighed down by unprecedented burdens, yet still lavishing its poor resources in equipping fleets, collecting an army of unequaled magnitude, and turning Belfort, Toul, and Verdun into what it hopes to find impregnable fortresses. "The bombardment of the French fortresses in 1870," says a writer in *La France*, "has proved that, to resist effectually, their works must dominate the country so as not to permit the establishment of attacking batteries. That condition, which was so unfortunately neglected before the war, has this time been carefully observed. At Belfort, Toul, and Verdun the neighboring heights have been crowned with forts, which surround the town like a girdle, and command with their cannon the neighboring plains." Thus is labor wasted and enormous sums consumed in preparing for some untold project of revenge. Intrenched camps have also been laid out near the borders, and to gather an army of two millions of men is the final aim of French statesmanship. Meantime the French people are taxed to an extent unequaled in history. The sum to be levied in France next year is $500,000,000 (2,569,896,715 francs), and of this $100,000,000 in taxes have been created since the war; 36,000,000 of people pay to their national government, besides municipal taxes, about $15 each, annually, and how long this intense strain upon their industry can be borne no one can foretell. Another war would apparently plunge France in ruin, even if successful. Yet to another war the Bonapartists and the Jesuits almost resistlessly impel the unhappy land. M'MAHON at the head of the clerical party has deceived and overthrown GAMBETTA. The Assembly is not to be dissolved—at least not yet. In the midst of its distresses France carries on the work at the Parisian Opera-house. The Assembly recently granted 3,000,000 francs, by a large majority, to complete its costly design, and when a member complained that this building which served only for the amusements of the wealthy had cost already one franc thirty-five centimes per head of the population, or about 42,000,000 francs, and that the salt tax was being increased, to the extreme distress of the poor, he was answered that the opera was a legacy of the Emperor, and that it had been impossible to foresee its whole expense. A frivolous and fanatical majority holds France pledged apparently to carry out the most extravagant projects of the corrupt empire. How many perilous legacies it has left behind it no one cares to consider.

Austria, like France, is arming anew. A material increase in its forces is proposed. New taxes are demanded, new cannon to be forged, new fortifications projected. The German Empire sits like an armed camp in the midst of Europe, guarding the Rhine. Even Italy is fortifying the Alpine passes. Russia, Asiatic rather than European, inculcates peace and enrolls its peasants. Unhappy Spain is wasted by the fires of civil war—the best example of the horrors of that policy which the Paris *Univers* encourages and Dr. MANNING approves. To make Spain "a Christian country" according to the ultramontane practice, the Carlists have exercised their rage upon the chief elements of civilization and progress. "On the railway from Valencia to Tarragona alone," it appears, "they have burned twenty stations, destroyed nineteen bridges, nine locomotives, seventy-three passenger cars, seventy-four freight cars; have also destroyed the apparatus of forty-eight telegraph stations, and have torn up ninety-three kilometers of railroad." Men and women, their opponents, they never spare, and the widows and orphans of the victims of Carlist cruelty are only maintained by the charity of the Spanish government. Yet this is the policy which the Pope sanctions and the Curia approves. "Your articles," wrote DON CARLOS to M. VEUILLOT, the ultramontane editor of the *Univers*, "are as valuable to me as many battles." To M. VEUILLOT the Pope writes as to a favored disciple, and the *Univers* cries out incessantly for a universal war of religion. It would make Germany "a Christian nation" by the same means which it approves of so heartily in Spain. Dr. MANNING, in his recent addresses, dwells upon a universal war as if it were the only hope of triumph for the "Church," and would willingly found amidst seas of blood the new dominion of the papacy. On our own continent the Jesuits have recently aspired to make Ecuador "a Christian country" by revolution and massacre. They fixed MORENO in the Presidential chair by violence. He murdered or exiled men and women. At last the assassin's knife has closed his career. But the rule of the Jesuits has not been relaxed over the unhappy country, and Ecuador may indicate to South America the danger of an ultramontane ascendency and a perpetual religious war. Wherever these fanatics come they bring strife and ruin, arms and warfare flourish, man perishes, and the labors of civilization are wrecked and wasted in religious discord, as in Ecuador and Spain.

It was long the fortunate lot of our new country to live wholly free from sectarian animosities and European impulses, and to know no danger from the imperious dictation of foreign priests. Of late this immunity is lost forever. We have striven to hide from ourselves the fatal reaction, yet it is at last plain that the same sectarian faction which arms France for an inexpiable war, covers Spain with massacre and waste, shakes every South American state with religious discord, and divides nations into angry parties, is become a great and often ruling power among us. Twenty-five years ago the ultramontanes were the small minority of a foreign sect; today they govern the Democracy in New York and Ohio with a relentless strength, and direct its politics in New England and the West. Said GEGHAN, the Ohio ultramontane, who forced his bill through the Legislature of the State by threats rather than arguments, "Two-thirds of the Democratic party in Ohio are Roman Catholics"—an exaggerated but not uninstructive estimate. GEGHAN has been nominated in Cincinnati in spite of the opposition of a large body of the Democrats and the lamentations of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. The Roman Catholics have flung down their gage of defiance to both the Protestant Democracy and the Republicans. They demand obedience, not remonstrance, from the Ohio Democracy, and it grovels at their feet. In fact, the base servility of American party leaders to this priestly faction is one of the darkest traits of the times. "Drive out your Protestant chaplains and lay teachers from the penitentiaries and almshouses," cried the *Catholic Telegraph*, in effect, to the Ohio Legislature, and the insolent command was obeyed; and recently it required that the Protestant chaplain should be at once dismissed from the Ohio Penitentiary. It suggested in derisive words that this "hired Protestant chaplain must seek fresh fields and pastures new or give his services free," and again the coward Democracy will obey. No Democrat dares even to complain of the cruel pressure of the priests, for on the "Catholic vote" rests their fate in the approaching elections.

In every State of the Union the Roman Catholics, driven on, often reluctantly, by their bishops and priests, are seizing upon the moment of business depression and temporary discontent to force their peculiar policy upon the nation. One of the chief objects of their leaders is to procure grants of the public money or gifts of the public land for their sectarian institutions; and hence wherever they rule they have driven the Democracy to vote against inserting a provision in the State Constitutions forbidding such sectarian appropriations. They know that no sect but their own desires such aid, and they are preparing for future action. In New York again they prevail upon the Democratic leaders to violate the Constitution openly; the New York Protectory is still maintained at the public expense. In East St. Louis, a flourishing town in Illinois, recently, according to the St. Clair *Tribune* (August 19), a Roman Catholic majority was elected to the School Board. The Constitution of Illinois forbids any sectarian appropriations. The Roman Catholics treated it with contempt, divided the school fund among their own sectarian schools, and appropriated it to the propagation of their faith. It is proposed at East St. Louis to indict and punish these Roman Catholic commissioners criminally, to teach priests and people obedience to the law. A similar course would be of service to New York. Here we have a Board of Education which is said to be not disinclined to maintain the Roman Catholic parochial schools and violate the Constitution. They would plainly, should they do so, commit a criminal offense.

It is thus that the Papal Church every where wars against the people. In Europe it stimulates nations to bloodshed and crime, enforces ignorance, and drives myriads to despair. In South America it stirs up mad revolutions. In Mexico and in Canada it leaves the people little rest. At last it has reached our own country. It plunges at once into the strife of factions, and insnares the Democratic party in deadly toils. One-half the Democratic voters in New York and Ohio are Roman Catholics, and every Roman Catholic bishop and newspaper is demanding first the destruction of the public schools, and then some unknown tribute of deference to the papal power. What is its secret purpose? In all the Western and many of the Eastern States the Roman Catholics are forming military companies under the patronage of their priests. They are separated from the community, they form a dangerous and untrustworthy class. It is, indeed, a most important moment for Americans. The foreign priest assumes to control our elections and to place his chosen candidates in our political offices. The Democratic leaders have formed with the Roman Catholic Church a conspiracy to govern in the East and the West. But what honest Democrat will give his services to the foreign priesthood? What American, wherever born or of whatever race or creed, will submit to a foreign rule? German, Irish, or native born, it is our plain duty to repel from the New World the fanaticism of the Old, and save the last refuge of freedom.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A STORY SUCCESSFULLY TOLD.

PRETTY, plump Mrs. Archibald Steele wrote the following paragraph in one of her letters to her husband the other day.

"John must come down here at once, whether you can spare him or not. Our dear little Laura is greatly taken with a tall, thin young man, with a hooked nose and thin lips, called Stuyvesant. It is whispered about the hotel that he is a very good match, and has the veritable blue blood of the old Dutch Governor in his veins. I must say it has a queer way of showing itself, for the young man is as pale as a spectre; and dressed in that white duck, with his sunken eyes and bilious skin, is enough to frighten one. I have grown to hate him, while Laura is growing to do quite the contrary, I'm afraid. All the evening he leans up against the wall, never dancing, or opening his mouth save to give vent to some hateful sarcastic criticism upon the scene around him, and yet dear little Laura's eyes—as, indeed, all the other pretty eyes about—are perpetually beseeching him for attention. In the daytime he is always with a long black horse, that covers more ground with its legs when it is going than any animal I ever saw. When Laura goes out to drive behind it, and vanishes out of sight with the bony creature, I tremble to think how dreadful it would be if our dear little girl would ever become part and parcel of this wretched man and his wicked beast. So I think John had better come down at once; I quite long to see his handsome face and hear his honest voice, and I think it is about time John should tell his little story to Laura, and have things settled comfortably."

Mr. Archibald Steele smiled when he put the letter of his wife in his waistcoat pocket, and picking up the morning paper, scanned through his gold-rimmed spectacles the news of the day. Finding nothing therein to ruffle the exceedingly satisfactory condition of his affairs, he put it down, and smiled again as only a prosperous, contented, down-town merchant can smile. He was one of those happy exceptions to the ordinary rule of mortals, with whom every thing went well. His whole appearance was an exclamation point to that effect. If he ventured a little hazardously in trade, Fortune trimmed her sails to favor him. If he set his heart upon any thing relating to domestic felicity, all the elements of art and nature conspired to bring it about. So when he stepped to the door of the office and beckoned to a young man with a strip of commercial paper in his hand and a pencil behind his ear, with that general air of briskness and shrewdness about him that betokened a successful down-town merchant in embryo, Mr. Steele smiled the third time, with the air of one who was not at all afraid of any bilious, blue-blooded obstacle that might be thrown in the path of a domestic happiness which he firmly believed had been arranged by an omnipotent hand.

"John," said Mr. Steele, closing the door of his private office, and looking upon his young clerk benevolently, "I've got an order here from Mrs. Steele, which I wish you would attend to."

"Certainly, Sir," said John. "Shall I go out and get the articles myself?"

"Why, the fact is, John," said the merchant, enjoying his joke more and more, "it's only one article—a rather bulky one. It was bargained for long ago. I think you will have to go with it, John."

"Down to the sea-shore!" said John, getting a little hot and flustered. "Is it a very valuable parcel, Sir?"

"Well, perhaps your natural modesty may depreciate its worth, John. Mrs. Steele and I think a good deal of it, and Laura too—I'm sure she does. The commodity is yourself, John. Mrs. Steele wants you to go down and take a little holiday there."

When the name of Laura was mentioned, the young man's face grew more flustered and hot than before.

"You are very kind, Sir," he said, "and Mrs. Steele is always more like an angel than a woman."

"Rather solid and plump for that," interposed Mr. Steele, but liking the phrase nevertheless.

"But it is simple madness," pursued John, "to dream of further happiness than I enjoy now—your affection and that of your wife, my position here; I don't dare, I can't hope for any thing more. Oh, Mr. Steele, I can't tell her my story, Sir. She would shrink from me with horror and aversion, she is so young, so beautiful. Let me at least enjoy the present."

"And in the mean time some cadaverous, bilious, blue-blooded scoundrel will carry her off from us all!"

Then John's face grew pale and stern. "If there is the slightest feeling upon her part for—for any one else, then, indeed, Mr. Steele, my case is hopeless."

The commercial paper fluttered from his hand, the pencil fell from his ear; he leaned his head against the desk, and trembled.

"Why, who would suppose you could be such a coward?" said Mr. Steele, impetuously. "You shall go down with me this very day."

All the way to the sea-shore John's face wore the look of one who had resolved to storm a deadly breach, but who did not hope to survive the attempt.

Even the ocean, when it confronted them, wore a threatening look. Upon the horizon a pile of clouds formed a background wan and gloomy, a great black mist lay in the zenith, a dense red vapor almost touched the water.

"A very nasty sea," said Mr. Steele.

John snuffed it in, his eyes dilating, his broad shoulders expanding, his head high in the sea-scented air.

A tramp on the hard wet sand, and like a meteor a long black horse shot by, disappearing in the mist, leaving for John the memory of a charming head crowned with blonde curling hair, two kind eyes bent upon his own, a white waving hand extended in salutation.

"John," said Mr. Steele, "did you see the face of that man? I count upon your saving Laura. Did you see his thin, cruel lips, his treacherous eyes?"

"I only saw Laura, Sir," said John, simply.

Later on, Mr. Archibald Steele and his plump, pretty wife were alone together in their private parlor. Her dimpled hand lay lovingly in his, her shapely head, fresh from the hands of the coiffeur, rested recklessly on his shoulder.

Suddenly the door opened, and there was heard the rustle of silken drapery. A still shapelier little head, and fresher from the hands of the coiffeur, all unrumpled by the audacious touch of a mortal, peeped in at the door. Laura was pale; her little white hands were clasped together; her musical voice trembled.

"Oh, papa, mamma, come directly! Mr. Stuyvesant ventured out too far, and—and—"

"Was drowned?" said Mr. Steele, with a peculiar combination in his voice of pity and relief.

"No, no; how can you suppose so dreadful a thing? He was rescued, but he is very weak and ill. He has asked for me—and may I go? Will you come with me, mamma? Oh, do, I beg of you! Can't she, papa?"

Her blue eyes filled with tears; her little feet seemed panting to fly through the corridor.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Steele. "Let him wait till he is able to come to you or to me. Either a man is drowned or he isn't. Because he was imbecile enough to risk his life, that is no reason for your being the talk of the hotel."

Laura raised her head proudly.

"No danger of that, papa; and, besides, every one is occupied now with the one that rescued him."

"And what madman was that?" said poor Mr. Steele, who could not reconcile himself to the present condition of affairs.

"I don't know—a stranger, I believe; I was so interested in Mr. Stuyvesant I forgot to ask."

"Pah!" said Mr. Steele, getting upon his feet, and walking to the door, "I'll go and find out all about it. Do you stay here till I return."

Before he had gone far Mr. Steele heard from the excited guests several different versions of the affair; but one and all agreed that the rescuer could be nothing less than a champion swimmer.

"A regular water-dog!" said one gentleman to Mr. Steele; and as the merchant had heard this epithet used but once before in his life, and that on an occasion of vital interest to himself, he sought out the hero of the hour, and found, to his unbounded astonishment, it was John Waters himself! He was quite enveloped in the flounces and furbelows of pretty and sympathetic women, who insisted upon knowing every half second if he was *sure* he felt strong and well, and how in the world *could* he buffet those dreadful waves in that grand, heroic way, and how *did* he manage to drag poor dear Mr. Stuyvesant in to the shore?

John, like any other hero of the hour, enjoyed this womanly adulation, but looked anxiously at Mr. Steele when he approached.

"Hum!" growled that worthy merchant, "a pretty fellow you to interfere with other people's plans! How do you know he wanted to be rescued?"

"He appeared anxious that way, Sir," said John. "He wrapped himself about me like a devil-fish. I thought one time we'd both go down together. There ought to be a school for teaching people how to let themselves be saved. It's the easiest thing in the world; the water itself is an accessory, if you manage it right."

"Oh, do tell us how, Mr. Waters, *please!*"

chorused the pretty and sympathetic women; and as John began his lesson, Mr. Steele slipped away.

"Oh, papa," began Laura, "how is Mr. Stuyvesant?"

"I don't know—I didn't ask," he replied, "I was so interested in the fellow that dragged him ashore. He's an old friend of ours. The way we made his acquaintance was on just such an occasion; he saved a lady from drowning."

"Why, papa," said Laura, "he must be a splendid fellow!"

"Magnificent!" said Mr. Steele. "You see, we had traveled over considerable of the world together, your mother and I, while you were yet a baby. And we found it rather odd one morning to discover that having crossed the ocean and the Alps, loitered in the Hudson Highlands, traveled thence down through the Mississippi Valley, across the American desert to California, and back again by another route, your mother had never been up the East River as far as Morrisania. It seemed so absurd to have neglected this home excursion that we determined upon it at once. The morning was wet, but that didn't matter. Your mother looked prettier in a water-proof and rubbers, with a shovel-hat tied down under her chin, than most women would in a ball dress. She wasn't a bit afraid of rain or mud. She was a little too reckless, for, getting ashore to see one of the institutions for vagabond boys, her foot slipped off the plank, and she disappeared."

Mr. Steele stopped a minute; his voice faltered; the little plump hand of his wife slipped into his own; he clutched it, and went on again.

"One minute I saw her as neat and trim a little figure as ever graced a water-proof and shovel-hat, the next she was gone."

"Gone!" cried Laura. "Gone where?"

"Into the water, child; into the hungry green waves that surged up to take her away from the fondest heart in the universe; and if it hadn't been for one of those very vagabond boys, who had been lurking there for a chance to escape from the island, you'd have lost us both, my dear, for I made an agonized plunge after her, though I'm ashamed to say I couldn't swim a stroke, and should only have gone to the bottom like a plummet of lead, but an official standing by caught and held me, and cried out that Johnny Waters had her, safe as a trivet; and presently that vagabond boy came up with your sweet mother on the other side of the boat, and the official cried out, 'He's a regular water-dog, that Johnny Waters!' And these were the very words a guest here used in relation to John a minute or so ago."

"John!" cried poor bewildered Laura, "*our* John? Mamma? My mamma? Was mamma the lady? Was John the boy? And is it John, our John, that saved poor Mr. Stuyvesant?"

"The very same, darling—John, *our* John; he's always on hand where there's trouble or danger."

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" cried Laura, forgetting all the years that had passed since the accident, and crumpling both the coiffured heads in a most reckless manner.

"Papa," she then said, "we must go and find John. I want to tell him how much I—I—"

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Archibald Steele, and all the way through the corridor and into the parlors of the hotel, with his plump and pretty wife on one arm, his lovely daughter on the other, he smiled.

But John was still surrounded by the pretty and sympathetic women, who had cruelly deserted the blue-blooded descendant of the old Dutch Governor, lying in his most graceful and languid of attitudes on a neighboring lounge—the descendant, not the Governor—and had flocked one and all to the handsome and heroic founder of the new school for teaching people the way to be rescued from drowning.

These charming creatures spent so much of their time at the sea-shore, and it was so necessary and so nice to be wise!

John was almost hidden in flounces and laces; but when his eyes met Laura's he plunged out of these costly billows with his usual ease and intrepidity. There was something in Laura's eyes that he had never seen there before; a tempting languor, a bewitching shyness, a bewildering splendor, that steeped his soul in a mad sweet hope.

Laura stopped one moment to whisper to her mamma, and John gasped out to Mr. Steele,

"If I dared—if I only dared tell her—"

"I've told her myself!" said the merchant.

"That I was a pauper without home or friends?"

"I told the story in my own way, John," continued Mr. Steele, "and I flatter myself I told it successfully; don't spoil it, if you please. I have managed the past and the present; do you look out for the future, John."

And John did. Laura walked through the parlors that night, the envied of all the pretty and sympathetic women and brave and appreciative men that congregated there.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

It has been predicted that the coming autumn months will be unusually unhealthy, that the wet summer will cause early decay of vegetation, and the poisonous exhalations will engender a deadly brood of malarious diseases. However this may be, we know that typhoid fever is the great autumnal scourge of our country, and that its usual exciting causes are polluted air and foul drinking water. Neuralgia, scarlet fever, cholera, dysentery, diphtheria, cerebro-spinal meningitis, and a host of other diseases are also frequently generated by the same means. The imperative necessity of using wholesome water may be illustrated by one or two authenticated instances. A while ago there was a violent epidemic of dysentery and typhoid fever in a small settlement in the upper part of Manhattan Island. The investigations of the physician showed that the water supply was from a spring situated on low ground, so that it must receive the surface drainage. It is true, the water was pure to the sight and taste, but when some of it was put into a bottle and allowed to stand a few hours, a thick and offensive sediment was found. The people ceased to use the water, and the epidemic also ceased. A family living in an interior town of this State were seized with typhoid fever; five out of eight members had died, and one other was fatally sick, when an investigation of the locality was made. The house was on an elevation, and until that time there had not been a case of sickness in it for twelve years. But a few weeks before the fever appeared the pump connected with the well had broken, and its repair was neglected. Meanwhile water had been brought for family use first from a spring at the foot of the hill, and when that became low from the drought the servant resorted to a small brook. This was the source of the mischief, for this stream higher up ran through several farm-yards and received the surface drainage. An examination of the water proved its impurity. Numerous cases might be cited showing that foul water is the direct cause of disease. It is equally true that noxious vapors cause fevers, etc. It is estimated that from 100,000 to 150,000 persons annually suffer from typhoid fever in England alone. Many will remember that the death of Prince Albert from this fever gave rise to much discussion as to the source of the poison in his case, for court physicians denied that there could be any special exciting cause at Windsor Castle, where the Prince had been for several weeks preceding the attack. A most searching investigation, however, revealed the fact that before the castle was built an old sewer ran across the grounds. This sewer was explored, and at a point directly beneath the library where Prince Albert spent much of his time a break was found, which allowed the escape of the sewer gases, and doubtless so polluted the surrounding atmosphere as to be the direct cause of his sickness and death.

The epidemic of measles, which recently caused such mortality in the Feejee Islands, has broken out in Alaska, and is spreading with fearful rapidity. The disease is of the kind known as black measles.

A most singular instance of "natural surgery" is reported in a Manchester (New Hampshire) newspaper. Two or three years ago a gentleman sustained an injury to his back, which was called a partial dislocation of the spinal column. The lower limbs were paralyzed, and the case pronounced incurable by the physicians. A few weeks since the gentleman had a very severe fall, which nearly proved fatal; but when he recovered from the shock he found he could use his limbs, and now he can walk a mile and work as other people do. Probably the fall replaced the dislodged part without injuring the spinal marrow.

The money-order system connected with the Post-office Department is an extensive business. There are about 3600 money-order offices in the country, where any sum of money not exceeding $150 may be given to the postmaster, and be transmitted to other offices. The orders are then paid, like any other draft, when presented by the person to whom sent at the proper office. In a single year no less than $29,372,627 67 passed through the New York post-office alone in the money-order department.

In 1872 nearly 200,000 children were taught drawing in the public schools of England, while there were also 122 special art schools, with nearly 28,000 students, and 538 night classes, with 17,000 students. Not alone in England, but in France, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland, and other Continental countries, has the system of art education experienced rapid progress. In the little kingdom of Würtemberg, with its 2,000,000 inhabitants, there are 400 drawing schools.

"Flies," remarks a facetious writer, "are excellent in their regular line of business, but to have them continually in your food, as at —— (we omit the name of a popular resort out of delicate regard to the feelings of all concerned), becomes an annoyance. Every thing, from soup to milk, is served there with flies, and it is not optional whether you have them alive or dead. A deceased fly in milk is not bad to take, but a live fly in butter is very irritating."

Hans Christian Andersen left the most of his property to the Collins family in gratitude for the assistance he received from Mr. Collins in early life. He also made bequests for the benefit of the school and workmen's library of Odense, his native town, and gave some valuable books to the Royal Library of Copenhagen. His correspondence is to be placed, by his own direction, in the hands of two gentlemen who understand his wishes in regard to it.

The second annual meeting of the United States Hay Fever Association took place on August 30, at Bethlehem, New Hampshire. The special object of this association is to seek information which shall serve to relieve sufferers from hay fever. Henry Ward Beecher was called on to relate his experience with this peculiar disease. He said his remedy was to go to the White Mountains; that he had never known a case cured by medicines, but that he was deeply interested in the question of remedies that could be used at home. His own theory on the subject—which he offered, open to correction—was that this was not only a disease of the nervous system, but that it was a disease of depressed nervous action, whatever might be its exciting cause. It was accompanied by a condition of the nervous system which was unable to resist attack, and that which raised a person's nervous tone raised him above the assault of this disease. Other sufferers testified to the intolerable nature of the malady, and although there was a ludicrous side to their narrations, it was evident all were earnestly desirous to find some cure for this troublesome disease.

Excellent advice is given to teachers in the Brooklyn *Journal of Education*: "If you can not answer a question pointedly and clearly when asked, say so; think of it until you can; then, after the lesson is recited, give the information desired." Some teachers are afraid to say frankly that they do not know a thing. Pupils soon find out their weakness.

In London an attempt is being made to have the art of swimming taught in connection with the public schools. In order that the experiment might be tried without encroaching upon the school fund, a few merchants formed a swimming club, to which only boys and girls in the elementary public schools should be admitted. Within a few weeks no less than 5000 children were enrolled as members, showing clearly that a public want was thus met. The girls are instructed in the many swimming baths of the city, while boys, under suitable guidance, go to various public places at stated times. Although there are every season many persons lost in the water who have some knowledge of swimming, yet it is plain that a thorough knowledge of the art is the surest safeguard against drowning, and when it becomes a part of the education of every boy and girl, drowning accidents will be less frequent.

In the garden of the late Andrew Johnson's residence is a magnificent willow, grown from a twig taken from the willow which bends over the grave of Napoleon Bonaparte on St. Helena and sent to the ex-President. A twig from this noted tree will be planted over Mr. Johnson's grave on Johnson's Hill.

In Germany a species of vegetable is found which is popularly known as "vegetable beefsteak." It is very juicy and tender, and resembles beef in appearance. When sliced and eaten with salad it is highly esteemed as a nutritious food.

We record the following method of repelling the attacks of burglars as being the most original ever devised. The method was put in requisition last July, though why it has not been made public before this time we are unable to say. A house in St. Louis was in charge of a daughter of the owner while he and his wife left home for a few days. She and a younger girl occupied an upper room, while the hired man slept down stairs. One night the young lady and her companion were awakened by a noise, and discovered a burglar trying to enter one of the lower windows. They feared to scream, and did not dare go down stairs to rouse the man. A bright idea occurred to them. The father had purchased a lot of fire-works with which to celebrate the coming Fourth, and these were stored in a room near by. The rockets and crackers were slyly taken to the window above the one where the burglar was at work, and as many of them as could be lighted at once were tossed out together, with a great report. The terrified burglar bounded away at full speed.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 26.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday, 29.—St. Michael and All Angels.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 3.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 10.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 17.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 18.—St. Luke, the Evangelist.
Sunday, 24.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 28.—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday, 31.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

The amendments to the Constitution of New Jersey, of which mention was made last week in this Intelligence, were carried by a majority estimated at not less than 20,000. On the Sunday preceding the 7th inst. a circular issued by "the Catholic Union" of the State was read in the churches of the diocese of Newark by direction of Bishop Corrigan. This fact settles the question of a combination of Roman Catholics to resist the adoption of the amendments. The circular is a tirade of assertions easier made than proved. Its burden is that Catholics are robbed of their liberty because the State taxes them for the support of schools which in conscience they can not use. It demands that Catholics shall either be relieved of the school tax or given their share of the school fund. Then follows a series of directions to Catholic voters, from which we take the following:

"We have prepared on the opposite sheet the exact legal form of 'ballot' required at this special election, and as it is calculated to perplex voters, we have canceled the four propositions which contain the objectionable school amendments.

"Cut off the sheet opposite, and keep it carefully until Tuesday next; then vote it in its present condition, and you will thereby record your vote against these objectionable school amendments.

"Remember, finally, that the opposite sheet is the exact form of 'ballot' required, and that it is now ready to be voted. Remember, also, that absence from the polls is almost equivalent to voting in favor of the amendments. Vote the ticket opposite just as it is, and you will vote against these amendments."

The circular, with the ballots appended, was distributed in the churches, and on Tuesday the votes were duly cast *according to the order of the bishop*. Fortunately there is intelligence enough in New Jersey to overturn a whole bench of intermeddling bishops; but the facts here given show plainly how the Catholic vote in this country is destined to be wielded.

The case of the Jewish Synagogue of Boston, recently decided by Judge Devens, of the Supreme Court, is interesting as showing the influence of modern ideas upon the Hebrews in the United States. The ancient practice relegates the women of the congregation to the galleries, where they sit apart. In the Boston Synagogue some of the members wished to adopt the family pew system, and were strong enough to elect a Board of Trustees favorable to their views. The conservative party, however, obtained an injunction, restraining the reformers from making the contemplated alterations of the interior of the synagogue. Judge Devens, after hearing numerous witnesses, has dissolved the injunction.

The Swiss Council of State has decided, by a vote of 64 to 7, to suppress all convents belonging to the Sisters of Mercy in Switzerland.

The late Bishop Willis Nazrey, of the British Methodist Episcopal Church, whose decease has been generally noticed by the press, was in many respects a remarkable man. He was elected a bishop of the African Methodist Church in 1852, but several years after removed to Canada, where the Church was organized in whose communion he died. By his great personal influence he held together this little body, composed mostly of colored men from the United States, and extended its work as far as the Bermuda Islands.

The development of Young Men's Christian Associations in Europe and the United States has of late years been extraordinary. There are 1000 in North America, 200 in England and Wales, 104 in Germany, 63 in Scotland, 40 in France, 39 in Switzerland, and 5 in Australia. Numerous State Associations will be held during the coming season, that of New York at Newburgh, September 23 and 24. Visitations of States by committees have also been undertaken with good success.

The subscriptions in Germany designed to indemnify the Roman Catholic clergy of Prussia for the withdrawal of the state subsidies have amounted to no more than £70,000. This is less than half of the annual sum withdrawn by the state. The project of the formation of a permanent fund must therefore be given up.

The Russian Mennonites who have recently settled in the United States have lost one of their leaders. Bishop Tobias Unruh, who had successfully brought over his congregation to the United States, died in Dakota Territory. In the disinterested labor of settling his people here he had twice made the journey from Russia to the United States.

The translator of Mr. Gladstone's recent volume on Romanism into French has given to the newspapers a letter received by him from Duc Decazes, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, thanking him for a copy. The duke says, in relation to the prohibition of the sale of the book on the streets: "You informed me that the Minister of the Interior has not thought it right to grant you the stamp which authorizes the hawking of the pamphlet in the streets. I find from information I have obtained from the ministry that the stamp is not necessary for the introduction and sale in Paris of writings from abroad. The stamp merely permits their sale in the public streets, and no authorization is necessary for placing them with French booksellers." The translator adds that a diplomatist made futile efforts to obtain a more liberal treatment for Mr. Gladstone's work.

As intimated heretofore in these columns, the end of the Guibord case in Montreal is not yet. Threats having been made to seize the remains of Guibord in the Protestant cemetery, guards were placed about the vault where they are deposited. Two regiments of soldiers were supplied with arms, and every preparation was made for the enforcement of the decree of her Majesty's Privy Council. Bishop Bourget, who has been the cause of all the trouble, has sent a letter to the daily papers, in which he says that if Guibord's remains are buried in consecrated ground, the spot where they lie will be placed under interdict and counted accursed. He nevertheless counsels Catholics to keep the peace, "like true children of the Church and loyal subjects of the Queen." He invites them also to unite in petitions to her Majesty for the maintenance of their rights. The Catholics of Montreal must first obey the Queen before they venture to approach her with petitions.

At the Conference held in Bonn, which has already been noticed in this Intelligence, five Churches of the East were represented—the Patriarchate of Constantinople, the Russian, Roumanian, Servian, and Dalmatian. The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States was represented by Drs. Potter and Perry. In one of his numerous and able addresses to the Conference, Dr. Döllinger expressed confidently the opinion that it is not possible for one hundred and eighty millions of Catholics to retain long the doctrines of infallibility and unconditional subservience to the Pope as God. This, he said, "was not a hurriedly formed opinion, but the result of fifty years' study. The bishops did not now rebel, but why did they never raise an objection to his own views, teaching openly as he did during all these fifty years that the Pope had neither absolute power nor infallibility?"

The following is the text of the Geghan law of Ohio, so called from the name of the member who first presented it to the Assembly, which has become one of the issues in the approaching State election:

"An act to secure liberty of conscience in matters of religion to persons imprisoned or detained by authority of law.

"Section 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio*, That as liberty of conscience is not forfeited by reason of conviction of crime or by reason of detention in any penal reformatory, or eleemosynary institution, or any house of refuge, work-house, jail, or public asylum in this State, no person in any such institution shall be compelled to attend religious worship or instruction of a form which is against the dictates of his or her conscience; and it shall be the duty of every director, trustee, superintendent, or other person having in charge any such institution to furnish ample and equal facilities to all such persons for receiving the ministrations of the authorized clergymen of their own religious denominations or persuasions, under such reasonable rules and regulations as the trustees, directors, managers, or superintendents shall make; but no such rules shall be so construed as to prevent the clergyman of any denomination from fully administering the rites of his denomination to such inmates, provided such administration entail no expense on the public treasury."

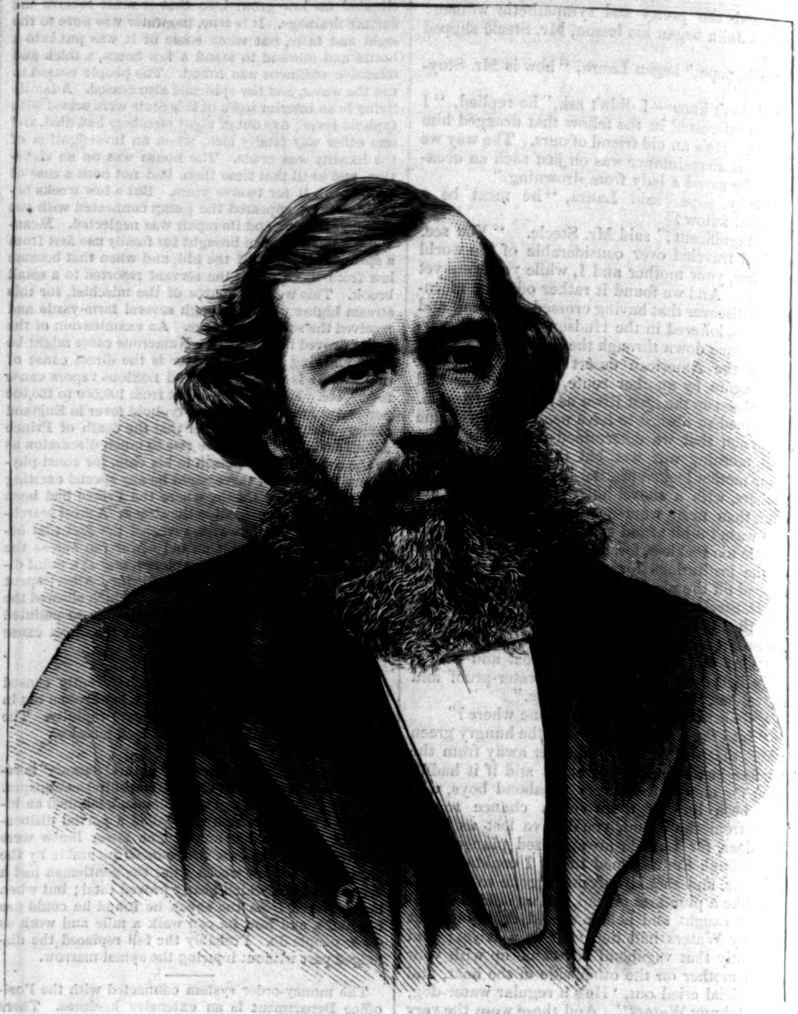
Two thousand persons, among them the Burgomaster of the city, were present at the bicentenary of the Portuguese synagogue at Amsterdam. A commemorative discourse was delivered, giving the history of two hundred years. As at the erection of the massive building part of the funds were contributed by Christians, so at the bicentenary commemoration deputations were present from the Baptist, Lutheran, and other Churches.

An interesting table has been published in the (German) *Reformed Church Messenger*, showing the progress of the Church which it represents from 1870 to 1875. We give it here:

	1870.	1875.
Ministers	526	635
Churches	1,179	1,342
Members	117,910	145,000
Sunday-school scholars	49,000	74,602

A writer in an English paper expresses the opinion that Dr. Pusey is the chief confessor in the Anglican Church. "To him not only do young men resort for ghostly counsel and absolution, but maidens also in different parts of England resort by letter. There is many a suitor who is ignorant that before he has received the 'yes' which has made him the happiest of men, or the 'no' which has cast him down into the depths of despair, the great doctor has been consulted, and that for that 'yes' or 'no' he has been indebted to the famous canon of Christ-church."

REV. CYRUS D. FOSS, D.D.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ESTABROOKE, OF HARLEM, NEW YORK.]

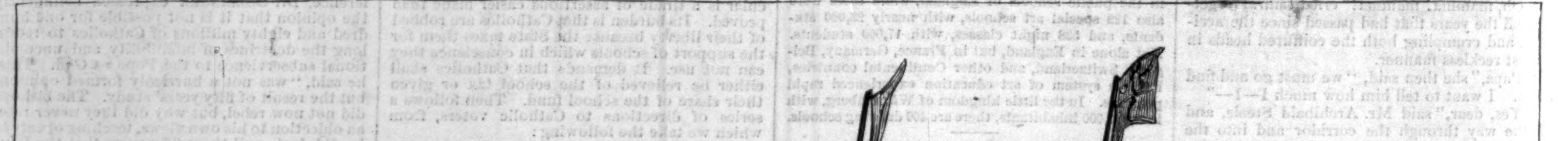


MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY.—[SEE PAGE 785.]

REV. CYRUS D. FOSS, D.D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

THE Rev. CYRUS D. FOSS, D.D., the newly elected President of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, although comparatively a young man, is regarded as one of the ablest divines in the New York Conference. He was born in Kingston, New York, January 17, 1834, and at an early age was graduated with the highest honors of his class at the university over which he is soon to preside. In 1854–55 he was teacher of mathematics in Amenia Seminary, and in 1856, at the age of twenty-two, was elected principal of that institution. In 1857 he united with the New York Conference, and entered the itinerant work, his first appointment being at Chester, where he preached for two years. Thence, in 1859, he was transferred to the New York East Conference, and successively filled, for two years each, the pastorate of Fleet Street, Hanson Place, and South Fifth Street, Brooklyn. In 1865 he was transferred to the New York Conference, and was stationed for the full pastoral term of



COLLISION OF THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA" AND THE SCHOONER YACHT "MISTLETOE," OFF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—[SEE PAGE 786.]

three years at St. Paul's Church, in this city, then for three years at Trinity, and then again for three years at St. Paul's. He spent a part of 1867 traveling in Europe. In 1870 the Wesleyan University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and in 1872 he represented his Conference in the General Conference. His last appointment was to the pastorate of St. James's M. E. Church, Harlem.

CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.

CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.

THE simple little picture on this page is easily understood. Prince, like many another dog, is fond of sport, has just returned from a plunge into the surf to get his master's cane, and running up out of the water, he drops the stick from his mouth, and proceeds at once to shake himself vigorously, never minding the pretty little miss in her Sunday best who chances to be passing by. Despite her best efforts to escape, Lucy is fairly "caught in a shower," and her nice new dress is spoiled for the day. Prince, as a rule, is a very good dog, and all that, but this time he forgot his good manners. He certainly deserves to have his ears well boxed for his thoughtlessness.

MONCURE DANIEL CONWAY.

THIS distinguished writer and lecturer, whose graceful articles have made him so familiar to readers of *Harper's Magazine*, has returned to this country from England, after an absence of thirteen years. Mr. CONWAY was born March 17, 1832, in Stafford County, Virginia. After receiving his early education at an academy in Fredericksburg, he was sent by his father to Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where he was graduated in 1849. Induced to enter the ministry as a profession, he was received as a Methodist preacher, and as such stationed on the circuit of Rockbridge, Maryland. During a brief period he punctually fulfilled the duties of this position; but upon finding himself too youthful for the career undertaken, and becoming aware of the insufficiency of his education, he returned to his home in Falmouth, and, frankly stating to his father these conclusions, asked permission to resume study, and for this purpose to be sent to Harvard College, Massachusetts. This request not being acceded to, he at once determined to abandon his State, and start out on his own account. Proceeding directly to Massachusetts, he secured friendly aid which enabled him to enter the divinity school at Cambridge, defraying his expenses by teaching privately while following the college course. In 1854 he was graduated, and shortly thereafter he removed to Washington city, where he had been called to take charge of a Unitarian church. His political opinions were entirely at variance with the ruling sentiments of his State and of the District of Columbia; and the antislavery discourses he delivered from his new pulpit only intensified the disfavor with which he was regarded for the conduct he had been conscientiously urged to pursue in spite of family and friendly entreaties. Thus he soon discovered that Washington was not a field suited to the

development of the ideas which he firmly held—ideas diametrically opposed to the slavery system in all its forms—and he therefore determined to seek a home in the great West. Accordingly in 1856 he took up his residence in Cincinnati, where he accepted the call of another Unitarian church, and shortly after his arrival married.

During the first years of the war he continued to preach, while at the same time using his pen successfully, and meeting with great favor as a lecturer in Western and New England cities. As an ardent devotee to the side of the Union, he exerted himself strenuously in its behalf, and hence was offered a responsible position by Mr. LINCOLN, but deeming himself unable to fulfill its duties, he declined. It was then the idea occurred to him that he could render most effective service to the cause which he had at heart by proceeding to England and endeavoring to correct the mistaken notions prevalent there in regard to the conflict.

On his arrival there, in 1863, he was at once received with open arms by all the friends of America, and even in those aristocratic circles flaunting admiration for the South he not only became speedily respected and admired (thanks to his acquirements and earnest convictions), but was the means of doing away with a vast amount of high-flown prejudices and enmity which had been set up against the government of the United States. The most eminent literary and scientific men in London and throughout the kingdom were attracted to his side, and with many of them he contracted warm personal friendship—with JOHN STUART MILL, TYNDALL, HUXLEY, TENNYSON, BRIGHT, CARLYLE, etc.

In the press, in magazines, and in the lecture-room Mr. CONWAY worked zealously to correct the biased utterances against the integrity of the Union which he found fashionable in London society upon his entering it. His articles for the *Fortnightly Review*, *Fraser's Magazine*, and other periodicals, to the *Times* and *Daily News*, attracted marked attention, and first served to bring him prominently before the English public, among whom his subsequent efforts have quite familiarized his name. In the beginning of his residence abroad he assumed charge of South Place Chapel, Finsbury, and four years later of a chapel at St. Paul's Road, Camden-Town, for evening service only, which two positions he has continued to fill with solid tokens of his auditors' satisfaction. Yearly, amidst his manifold occupations, he has managed to take a vacation of one or two months at a time in order to visit the Continent. One year Germany has been his field of exploration; then Russia, Paris and France, Austria, Sweden, Denmark, Italy, etc.

The Franco-Prussian war of 1870 found Mr. CONWAY within the lines of the German operations; he was present at the battle of Gravelotte, near Metz. On its close, unable to prolong his vacation, he immediately set out for London, where he arrived ere the full details of that fight and the consequent situation of the two contending armies had become known. Upon his calling at the *Daily News* office, the editor of that paper captured him as being at that particular moment the most valuable man in the world; and so rejoiced was he to be able to pump an accurate observer of the occurrences in France that he fastened up his captive in one of the editorial rooms, passed in refreshments from time to time, and refrained from letting him out until column after column had been written off for the paper. As a consequence, the *Daily News* had a better account of the battle of the day than its *confrère*, the *Times*.

He has published several books in England. Three, *The Earthward Pilgrimage*, *Republican Institutions*, and *Sacred Anthology*, have been favorably noticed by the most authoritative critics of the English reviews and papers. Undoubtedly his *Sacred Anthology*, both on account of the judgment and learning it displays, as well as for the need it fills in literature, is so far his ablest effort. It is already a standard on the library shelf, having passed through three editions besides the one printed in this country. In his criticism upon it, MAX MÜLLER pronounced it an important and timely contribution to philosophical studies.

During his residence abroad, Mr. CONWAY, through his special articles to *Harper's Magazine*, has laid before the American public information of a rare and useful order—interviews, facts, sketches, etc.; and his correspondence to the Cincinnati *Commercial*, copied bodily or largely extracted from by the press generally throughout the country—a fact bearing witness to its merits—has made his name more familiar on this side of the Atlantic than that of any other American correspondent residing in Europe. Mr. CONWAY's descriptive articles in *Harper's Magazine*, especially his "South Coast Saunterings in England," have been the most interesting papers of this class that have found their way into periodical literature. In the September number of that Magazine he commenced a series of very valuable illustrated papers on the South Kensington Museum. It is Mr. CONWAY's purpose to give a course of interesting lectures here during the coming season.

THE SONG OF THE KETTLE.

THE artist in his illustration on our front page gives a characteristic sketch of Southern negro life. "Auntie" sits in her own little room at evening time dreamily puffing the smoke from her pipe, and thinking of by-gone days. She is alone now. Poor old Tom is dead, the boys and girls are scattered far away, and none remain to keep her company. Who shall say what memories the song of the kettle recalls? Massa and missus and the children, the old plantation scenes, the evening dance, the Sunday hymns, the dreaded auction-block, and the driver's whip all come up before her as she thinks of the olden time. It is like a dream to her now, and often she wonders if it can indeed be true that she is free.

THE COLLISION WITH THE QUEEN'S YACHT.

THE details of the fatal collision of the British royal steam-yacht *Alberta* with the schooner yacht *Mistletoe* off the Isle of Wight on the 18th ult., illustrated on page 784, are but too well known to our readers. The royal yacht, with the Queen on board, was passing through Solent Channel, on the way from Cowes to Scotland, when she met the other vessel, of 120 tons, crossing her course, and, striking her amid-ships, cut her in two and sent her to the bottom. The officers and crew of the *Alberta* made every effort in their power to save those on board the other yacht, but the captain and mate and a lady passenger were drowned. The ill-fated vessel belonged to Mr. E. S. HEYWOOD, a banker, of Manchester. No one on the royal yacht was injured, and the vessel was only slightly damaged. The Queen was sorely distressed when informed of the loss of life.

The question of who was to blame was tried before two different coroners. The first jury was unable to agree; the second rendered a verdict of "accidental death," in reference to one of the persons drowned, with this qualification: that there was an error of judgment on the part of the officers of the *Alberta*. They further express the opinion that a slower rate of speed and a more efficient look-out would be conducive to the public safety. A leading English paper, *The Engineer*, referring to the calamity, says:

"The public generally were, of course, on the *prima facie* view of the case, carried away with the idea that in a vessel commanded and officered by the *élite* of the British navy every care and precaution would be taken to guard her Majesty from the slightest danger; and therefore the first thought which came into every mind was that the entire blame was to be laid at the door of the captain of the schooner for approaching too near the royal yacht. It has been as yet an accepted idea that when her Majesty is making the passage between the Isle of Wight and the main-land as clear a berth as possible is given her by all vessels cruising about, from a natural feeling of courtesy emanating both from a desire not to encroach upon her Majesty's privacy, and also to avoid in the slightest degree retarding her on her voyage. The evidence, however, of the officers of the *Alberta* seems to show that unfortunately this spirit of courtesy is not so prevalent as might be desired, Captain WELCH remarking that 'they were usually much troubled by yachts keeping near the royal yacht in order to gratify their curiosity by catching a sight of the Queen;' and Commander FULLERTON distinctly affirming that it was a custom for yachts to come round them, and that on the day of the collision one of the largest-sized Ryde wherries, which had previously hailed them to know when her Majesty was expected to leave, stood right across their course as they were leaving Cowes Harbor, and only just hove to when a few yards distant, leaving them but a narrow channel between her and another yacht. Such evidence as this undoubtedly goes far to prove that the duty of navigating the royal yacht across the Solent is by no means a sinecure; and we should, therefore, have been somewhat prone to excuse a mistake made by an officer surrounded by a fleet of yachts, and commanding a vessel which, as Commander SULLIVAN remarked, he is obliged to drive at an excessive speed because her Majesty wishes always to make the passage as quickly as possible.

"Unfortunately, however, the evidence of the officers of the royal yacht does not permit us to make much allowance in the present case, and we can not but think that blame attaches to them for the negligent look-out which they seem to have kept. In the case of the *Mistletoe* there does not appear to have been any of the vulgar curiosity to catch sight of the Queen of which so much complaint has been made; and, indeed, even if such a feeling had been entertained on board her, a calm and dispassionate view of the circumstances will at once show the utter impossibility of its being indulged in. When first sighted by the *Alberta* on the port bow she was some three-quarters of a mile distant, close-hauled on the starboard tack, making what way she could, with the light breeze there was blowing, to fetch Ryde. But the lightness of the breeze, at whose mercy the sailing vessel was placed, only allowed her to make between three and four miles an hour, whereas the *Alberta*, under the influence of steam, was rushing along at the rate of nearly eighteen miles an hour, with her nose pointed just so far in front of the schooner's head as to insure a collision unless some alteration was made in the course of one of the vessels. When it is recollected that in the three minutes which it took the *Alberta* to pass over the three-quarters of a mile which separated her from the *Mistletoe* the latter could have traversed at most some 300 yards, it is evident that in comparison she might be considered as standing still, and that naturally thinking the royal yacht would starboard her helm in order to pass under her stern, she rightly did what was her bounden duty, according to the rule of the road at sea, and kept steadily on her course.

"One would have thought that the commander of the *Alberta* would have considered such a thing as a close shave when the Queen was on board out of the question, and would therefore have at once starboarded his helm; and as there does not appear to have been any other vessel on the port side, we are still more astonished at this not having been done. On the contrary, however, no more seems to have been thought of the schooner, and Captain WELCH—who, we were amazed to find, in his anxiety to preserve an efficient look-out, trusted very much to his own unassisted powers of observation—thereupon crossed over to the starboard side of the bridge in order to see what vessels might be approaching from that quarter, thus placing a funnel of four feet in diameter between himself and the schooner, of which he took no further notice until they had approached so near as to be quite unable to avoid a collision. It certainly appears to us that on such a vessel as the *Alberta*, steaming at a high speed through so crowded a roadstead as the Solent, either the steering apparatus should be placed in front of the foremast, as advocated by Captain LA TOUCHE, R.N., or else that there should be reliable look-out men posted not only on the forecastle, but on the port and starboard side of the bridge, to report to the navigating commander the approach of vessels on either bow."

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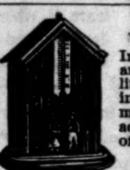

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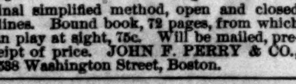
Banjo 

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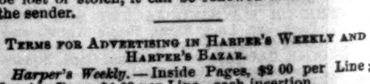

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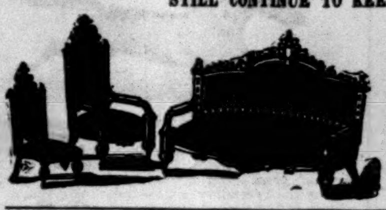

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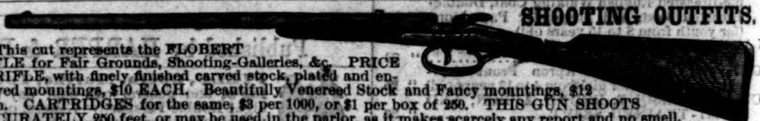

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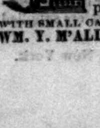

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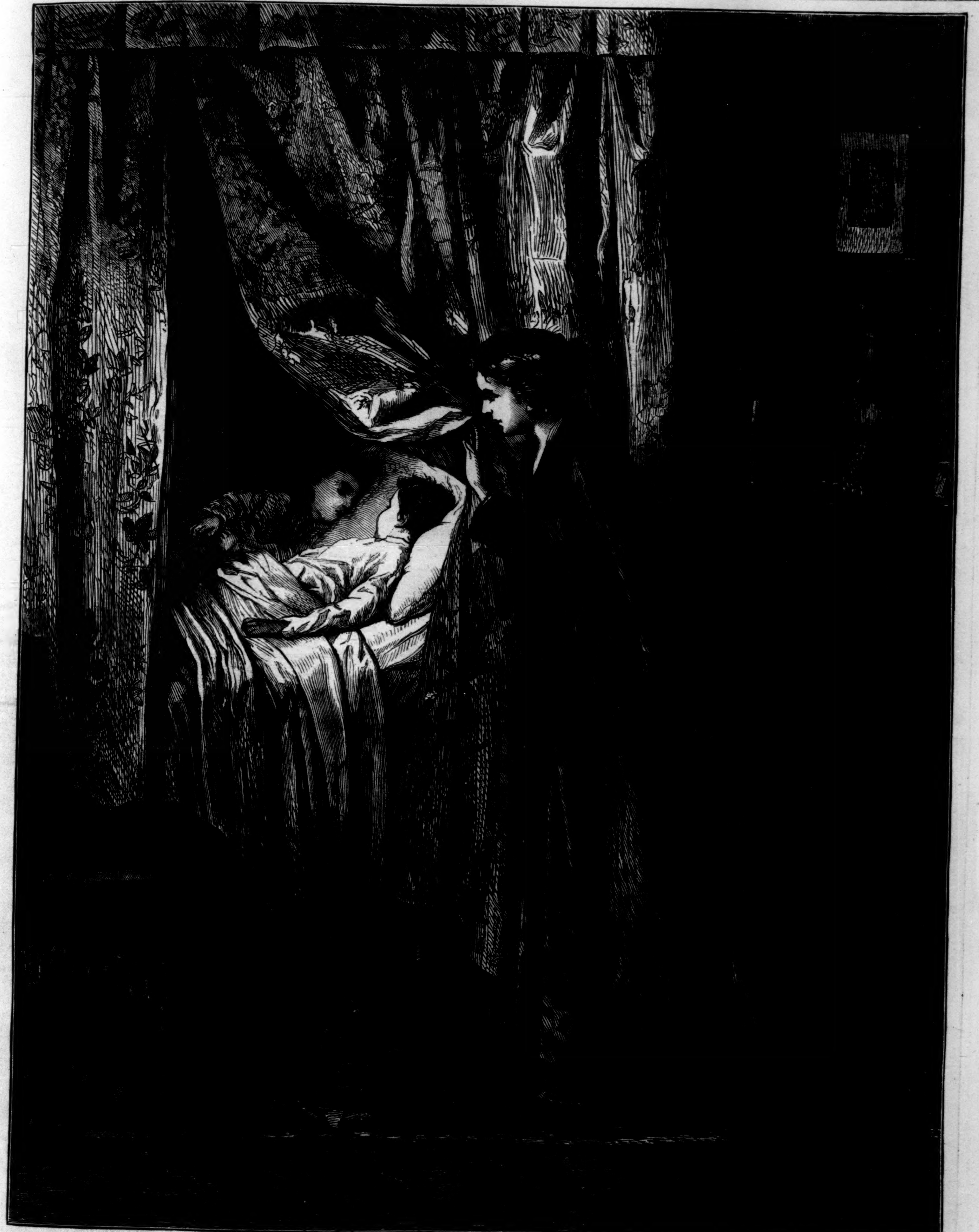

BED-TIME.

THE old clock on the mantel
  Has chimed the hour of eight;
Papa has issued orders,
  The children must not wait.

Mamma, in spite of protest,
  Enforces the command;
She captures both the rebels,
  Holds one in either hand.

These tyrants of the household,
  That rule with dreadful power,
Their sceptre yield at bed-time;
  The clock has chimed the hour.

She leads them through the parlor,
  And gently up the stairs;
The mystery of undressing
  Is followed now by prayers.

When all the rites are over,
  The last good-night is said,
Mamma pulls up the cover
  And tucks the boys in bed.

Then comes an hour of quiet
  Unknown throughout the day;
The leaders of the riot
  Are snugly packed away.

The racket and the hubbub
  Will soon break out again—
Stop till the beams of daylight
  Wake up these little men.

The elders of the household
  Have now a chance of peace;
The restless feet are quiet,
  The prattling voices cease.

Mamma will linger near them;
  She never minds their noise;
The wondrous light of mother love
  Shines down upon the boys.

COACHING IN THE HIGH SCOTLAN

SCOTLAND.—[SEE PAGE 792.]